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From the
Fine Arts Library
Fogg Art Museum
Harvard University







Harvard College Library
Fraser, Charles.

71.10
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Catalogue of Pictures

EXHIBITED

IN THE

FRASER GALLERY,

CHARLESTON, 1857,

WITH

DESCRIPTIVE AND BIOGRAPHICAL

ILLUSTRATIONS.

*Delightful Painting, art sublime,
Gives perpetuity to Time,
And bids the features of a day,
That fleeting hours would steal away,
To long futurity survive,
And in unfading beauty live.*

COWPER.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

JAMES AND WILLIAMS, PRINTERS,

16 STATE STREET.

1857.

Harvard College Library

from

Robt. E. Hinckley

Boston.

13 April,

1857.

The Fraser Gallery.

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... ..
... ..

CATALOGUE
OF
Miniature Portraits, Landscapes,
AND
OTHER PIECES,

EXECUTED BY

CHARLES FRASER, Esq.

Hon. Mem. of Mass. Hist. Socy.

AND EXHIBITED IN

"THE FRASER GALLERY," AT CHARLESTON,

DURING THE MONTHS OF

FEBRUARY AND MARCH, 1857.

ACCOMPANIED BY

OCCASIONAL ANNOTATIONS,

AND A

Compendious Sketch

OF THE

LIFE AND CAREER OF THE ARTIST.

pp. 33 — 65

— ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes,
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse ferus.

Dum tacent, clamant.

By Samuel Kilman

CHARLESTON, S. C.

JAMES AND WILLIAMS, PRINTERS,

16 STATE-STREET.

1857.

FA 4270.11

FA 4270.732

1857 April 15

Wife of Re

Harriet G. Minter L.L.

Boston. (Class of 1828.)

20 20

PREFACE.

NOT far from the close of the year 1856, several of the friends of CHARLES FRASER, Esq., impressed by a sense of the value and number of his paintings, conceived the design of collecting together as many of them as possible, for public exhibition. This object they cherished not only for their own gratification, but as an honor especially due to the Artist, a tribute to his art, and an entertainment likely to prove at once gratifying and instructive to the taste of the community. They saw great difficulties in the way, partly on account of the widely scattered localities in which the achievements of fifty or sixty years had been scattered, and partly from the reluctance of the proprietors of such treasures to surrender them to the contingencies of a general exhibition. Yet unwilling to relinquish their design, they proceeded, after having secured the hesitating permission and concurrence of Mr. Fraser himself in regard to the movement, to publish in the daily papers the following appeal:

"FRASER GALLERY.

TO THE PUBLIC.

It is well known that there are extant, in Charleston and its vicinity, a considerable number of miscellaneous Paintings, including several hundred exquisite miniature Portraits, executed by CHARLES FRASER, Esq. An extensive and increasing desire has for some time been entertained, that as many of these Paintings as possible should be collected at an early day, and exhibited to the public. By this method it is judged that an appropriate honor may be rendered to the revered Artist, and that his friends and other lovers of art may be indulged with the privilege, not otherwise to be procured, of beholding, at one favorable opportunity, the principal achievements of his long and industrious life. The undersigned, having volunteered to be a Committee to carry this

interesting design into effect, respectfully announce to the public, that they have appointed the month of February, 1857, for the exhibition of such of Mr. Fraser's pictures as can be procured. The South Carolina Society has generously granted them the use of their fine Hall for the purpose. They therefore request all persons who are in possession of any of Mr. Fraser's pieces, to communicate with either of the undersigned, specifying the pictures they may be willing to loan for the purpose, or forwarding them, if agreeable, to any of us by the earliest opportunity. The undersigned pledge themselves to the greatest care in preserving from injury every article that may be entrusted to them, and engage to return them safely to their owners immediately after the exhibition shall be closed.

It is believed that a similar exhibition of the Paintings of the late Washington Allston, himself a Carolinian, took place during his life time, and was attended by the most gratifying results to all parties concerned.

M. KING,
DANIEL RAVENEL,
SAMUEL GILMAN,
SAML. HENRY DICKSON,
GEO. S. BRYAN,
FREDERICK A. PORCHER,
GEO. W. FLAGG,
JOHN ASHE ALSTON,
JAMES H. TAYLOR."

The response made to this appeal surpassed the most sanguine expectations. All parties and all classes entered into the project with a cordial and zealous approval. More than three hundred miniature Portraits, and above one hundred and fifty various sketches, were, in the course of a few weeks, placed at the disposal of the Committee. Not only possessors in Columbia, Camden, and Savannah, but those residing at as great a distance as Connecticut and Massachusetts, paid to the summons an immediate, unconcerted, and respectful attention.

At home, the project met with every kind of success, and as soon as anything was found necessary to carry it into complete execution, the very friends required to effect it, were immediately forthcoming. The liberality of the So. Ca. Society is apparent from a statement in the

above circular. The preparatory meetings of the Committee at large, were frequent and efficient. A Sub-Committee, consisting of Dr. Gilman, John Ashe Alston and G. W. Flagg, Esquires, undertook the executive department of the project. The services of a skilful and experienced furnisher and decorator of halls were secured for the arrangement of the alcoves, and for the general exterior management of the exhibition. Contributions, of five dollars each, towards the necessary expenses, were in a few days procured from one hundred gentlemen, who were entitled to a certain number of season tickets. The entire expenditures of the occasion, which have since been found amounting to about one thousand dollars, were guarantied in advance by several gentlemen offering to secure whatever deficit might occur, confident that they would be sustained by a generous community. As no accumulation of a surplus-fund was contemplated, the admission of ladies of all ages was gratuitous—a feature of the occurrence which was regarded as peculiarly characteristic, and worthy of a refined and liberal community. The compliment thus paid to their sex was generously reciprocated by a number of ladies offering and engaging to act as a Committee, in any direction that might effect the purposes of the exhibition. Their services were found peculiarly available in arranging the multitude of miniatures into appropriate groups and panels, and their constant presence throughout the occasion has increased its interest and order, and often facilitated the objects of visitors who wished for information in regard to particular paintings. The Artist himself, at an early period, accepted an invitation from the Committee to visit the Hall, and was subsequently found on the spot almost every day, surprised at the labors of his own life-time and at the extraordinary results of the enterprise, exchanging greetings with his numerous friends, and furnishing many valuable commentaries in reference to his works, which could not possibly have been procured from any other quarter. An exact and spirited likeness of Mr. Fraser had just been painted by Mr. G. W. Flagg, at the request of the Committee, for the special purpose of gracing this exhibition. Placed on a panel opposite the door, it seemed to invite every entering visitor to a free inspection of the numerous works of its gifted original. The services of the ladies in arranging the miniatures were much facilitated by the assistance of James H. Taylor and Robert Hume, Esquires. Mr. Carlisle, one of the editors of the Courier, contributed also much valuable aid, both of manipulation and intellect, beside the daily notices which he continued to publish of the progress of the exhibition. The columns of all the city papers were

generously thrown open for notices and publications incident to the objects of the Committee. The labor of the Ladies' Committee in preparing a catalogue of the miniatures, was much assisted by the separate revision of Mr. Fraser himself, and of several other gentlemen, who aimed to give it as entire a completeness and correctness as possible. The task of completing a catalogue of the oil paintings and other sketches, and of illustrating them by occasional annotations, was executed at the instance of the Committee. The sketch of the accompanying Life and Career of Mr. Fraser was furnished by Dr. R. W. Gibbes, of Columbia, and G. S. Bryan, Esq., of Charleston.

In the course of the exhibition, a careful photograph was taken from Mr. Flagg's painting of Mr. Fraser, a copy of which will serve as a choice memorial to every one desirous of possessing it. The period of one month, originally proposed, was extended to the middle of the succeeding. The arrangement of the Hall was in every respect appropriate and attractive; the lights were subdued, but fine; the long ranges of alcoves covered with various pieces led the spectator forward from pleasure to pleasure; one side of the apartment was literally crowded over with miniature-portraits, arranged, as far as possible, in family groups; and the whole scene, thronged daily with refined and delighted visitors, proved at once a study of deep historical interest and a source of enchantment and surprise, long to be remembered by the citizens of Charleston.

S. G.

Charleston, March 10th, 1857. *Samuel Silman*

MINIATURE PAINTINGS.

————— "Tis done ;
The pictures breathe ; the paint will speak anon."
ANACREON.

. The dates of the different years refer to the times of executing the portraits.

1. Charles Fraser, by himself, executed in 1800.
2. Charles Fraser, by himself, 1823.
3. Master States Rutledge; first portrait, sketched at the age of ten years, 1792.
4. Gen. Christopher Gadsden, distinguished in the Revolution, reduced from a portrait by Peale.
5. Philip Gadsden, son of Gen. C. Gadsden.
6. Philip Gadsden (duplicate).
7. Rt. Rev. C. E. Gadsden, Bishop of Diocese of South-Carolina, eldest son of Philip.
8. John Gadsden, second son of Philip, U. S. District Attorney.
9. John Gadsden (duplicate).
10. Gen. James Gadsden, Envoy to Mexico, U. S. Army, third son of Philip.
11. Gen. James Gadsden (duplicate).
12. Mrs. James Gadsden, wife of the preceding, maiden name Hort.
13. James Fisher, of the commercial house of John Edwards & Co., who thus became connected with the Edwards family.
14. James F. Edwards.
15. James F. Edwards (duplicate).

16. Mrs. James F. Edwards, maiden name Gadsden, daughter of Philip Gadsden.
17. Mrs. Barksdale, sister of James F. Edwards.
18. George Barksdale, infant son of Mrs. Barksdale.
19. Elias Horry, the Huguenot, emigrated about 1680.
20. Col. Elias Horry, son of the above.
21. Thomas Horry, grandson of the Huguenot.
22. Col. Peter Horry, distinguished officer in the revolutionary war, grandson of the Huguenot, and cousin of Thomas Horry.
23. Elias Horry, son of Thomas, and great grandson of the Huguenot.
24. Mrs. Elias Horry, daughter of Col. Shubrick.
25. William Branford, maternal grandfather of the late Mr. Elias Horry.
26. Mrs. Branford, wife of the above, a heroine of the revolution.
27. Capt. Shubrick, brother of the ancestor of the present family.
28. Mr. Shubrick, son of the ancestor of the present family.
29. Col. Thomas Shubrick, son of the above, and father of Mrs. E. Horry.
30. Mrs. Shubrick, wife of the above.
31. Gen. Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, officer American revolution and Minister Plenipotentiary to France (drawing in India ink).
32. Chief Justice Rutledge, M. C., copy from Turnbull, 1818.
33. Gen. C. C. Pinckney, 1823.
34. Mrs. M. Horry Laurens, 1830.
35. Gen. John Rutledge.
36. Mrs. Henry Laurens, daughter of Chief Justice Rutledge.

37. Mrs. Frederick Rutledge, 1849.
38. Joshua W. Toomer, 1818.
39. Master Toomer.
40. Capt. Duncan N. Ingraham, U. S. Navy, 1830.
41. Mrs. Ingraham, 1830.
42. Gen. John Rutledge (copy).
43. E. C. Rutledge, U. S. Navy, 1818.
44. John B. Laurens, 1818.
45. R. W. Roper.
46. Hon. Joel R. Poinsett, M. C., Secretary of War,
and Minister to Mexico.
47. J. Bowdoin, second son of Gov. Winthrop, Mass.
48. Joseph Winthrop, 1826.
49. James H. Ladson, 1826.
50. Mrs. J. H. Ladson, 1826.
51. Frederick G. Fraser, 1852.
52. Mrs. Mary Fraser, 1841.
53. Fancy sketch, property of Mr. Ladson, 1810.
54. Gen. Davie, after Vanderlyn, 1835; General in
the revolutionary war, Governor of North-
Carolina, and Envoy to France.
55. Col. F. W. Davie, 1835.
56. Mrs. F. W. Davie, 1834.
57. Charles Winthrop, 1827.
58. Miss Mary Winthrop.
59. Miss Jane Winthrop, 1802.
60. Joseph Winthrop (copy).
61. Frederick Fraser, 1810.
62. An Infant, 1800.
63. Rt. Rev. Robert Smith, after Earle, first Bishop
Protestant Episcopal Church Diocese So. Ca.
64. John Julius Pringle, Attorney General.
65. John Julius Pringle, Jr., son of John Julius
Pringle, 1803.

66. J. McPherson Pringle, 1834.
67. Duplicate of J. J. Pringle, Attorney Gen'l, 1803.
68. Col. James R. Pringle, President Senate South-Carolina, and late Collector of Customs.
69. Robert Pringle, first who came to America, copy 1845.
70. Miss Rosa Pringle, 1839.
71. Col. William Alston, aid to Gen. Marion.
72. Mrs. William Alston (formerly Miss Motte), wife of Col. William Alston.
73. Dr. James Read, copy from family portrait.
74. Col. William Alston, aid to Gen. Marion, copy from Morse, 1839.
75. Mrs. William Alston, copy from Morse, 1839.
76. Mrs. Alston, mother of Gov. R. F. W. Alston.
77. Benjamin Allston, 1839.
78. John Pyatt.
79. Mrs. Martha Pyatt.
80. Col. J. J. Ward, of Waccamaw, first who cultivated the big grain rice.
81. Mrs. J. D. Ward.
82. Mrs. Bentley, Edinburgh (copy).
83. Mrs. LaBruce, 1827.
84. James B. Campbell.
85. Celia Campbell, 1845,
86. James Campbell, 1845,
87. Mary Bennett Campbell, 1845,
Children of James B. Campbell.
88. Judge Colcock, State of South-Carolina.
89. Judge Colcock, 1818 (duplicate).
90. Mrs. W. A. Colcock, 1818.
91. J. Marchant Legaré.
92. William Seabrook Legaré.
93. Miss Amelia Annely, 1839.

94. John W. Lewis, 1839.
95. Dr. Amory Coffin, 1838.
96. Charles Edmondston, 1831.
97. Mrs. Charles Edmondston, 1825.
98. L. A. Edmondston, 1830.
99. Captain John Pratt, 1831.
100. Mr. I. Course, 1834.
101. A. S. Willington, Editor Charleston Courier,
1834.
102. Robert Reeves Gibbs, 1829.
103. Mrs. Ann S. Gibbs, 1830.
104. Mrs. W. H. Gibbes, 1836.
105. William Hasell Gibbes, Master in Equity, 1830.
106. R. W. Gibbes, M.D., Columbia., S. C., 1829.
107. Samuel Wilson, M.D.
108. Mrs. E. Patton, 1836.
109. T. J. Kerr, 1826.
110. J. R. Horsey, 1839.
111. Mrs. Horsey.
112. Stephen Elliott, LL.D., distinguished natu-
ralist, 1822.
113. Right Rev. Stephen Elliott, Bishop Protestant
Episcopal Church, State of Georgia.
114. Henry F. Faber, 1837.
115. Miss E. S. Faber (Mrs. B. G. Wilkins), 1846.
116. Rev. A. C. Kaufman, 1837.
117. Keating Simons, aid to Gen. Marion, 1818.
118. B. B. Simons, M.D.
119. Harris Simons, 1830.
120. Mrs. Harris Simons.
121. Keating Simons (duplicate).
122. Thomas Grange Simons, 1845.
123. Mrs. T. Y. Simons.

124. Mrs. Yancy Gray, 1842.
125. James W. Gray, 1838.
126. Mrs. James W. Gray, 1843.
127. Hon. W. D. Porter, So. Carolina Senate, 1838.
128. James Adger, 1840.
129. Mrs. James Adger, 1839.
130. Mrs. J. B. Adger, Missionary to Smyrna, 1839.
131. Andrew Moffett, 1849.
132. Hon. W. I. Bull, when a child.
133. W. Izard Bull, South-Carolina Senate.
134. Capt. Thomas Petigru.
135. James L. Petigru, LL.D., 1834.
136. James L. Petigru, LL.D., 1818 (duplicate).
137. Mrs. James L. Petigru, 1820.
138. Isaac Ball, 1826.
139. Miss Ball, 1825.
140. Joseph Glover, M.D., 1818.
141. Mrs. Joseph Glover, 1818.
142. Octavus Cohen, 1836.
143. Miss Lucretia Cohen (Mrs. Mordecai), 1834.
144. Mrs. J. C. Levy, 1824.
145. Joseph S. Barker, 1826.
146. Mrs. Joseph S. Barker.
147. H. W. Peronneau, 1842.
148. Edward North, M.D.
149. Edward W. North, M.D., 1839.
150. Mrs. Wilkes, 1818.
151. John M. Chisholm, 1835.
152. Col. Francis K. Huger, the friend of La Fayette, and Adj. Gen. U. S. Army during war of 1812, 1825.
153. John Huger.
154. Benjamin Huger, M.D.

155. Alfred Huger, Post Master at Charleston, 1820.
156. H. W. DeSaussure, Director of the Mint, appointed by President Washington, and Chancellor of South-Carolina, 1818.
157. Chancellor DeSaussure, 1834 (duplicate).
158. Mrs. John M. DeSaussure, 1818.
159. Chancellor DeSaussure (triplicate).
160. Mrs. Samuel Prioleau, 1818.
161. Mrs. Samuel Prioleau, 1818 (copy).
162. Mrs. Samuel Prioleau, 1818 (copy).
163. T. G. Prioleau, M.D., Professor S. C. Medical College, 1835.
164. Mrs. Catharine Ravenel, 1838.
165. Daniel Ravenel, 1839.
166. Henry Ravenel, 1820.
167. Timothy Ford, 1818.
168. Jacob Ford, 1829.
169. Miss Ford, 1838.
170. John Dawson, 1829.
171. John Dawson, Jr., 1829.
172. Allard Belin.
173. Mrs. E. Belin.
174. Lewis Cruger.
175. Gen. James Hamilton, M. C., and Governor of South-Carolina, 1835.
176. Thomas H. Deas, 1822.
177. Mrs. Dr. E. H. Deas.
178. Hon. Henry Deas, President Senate of So. Ca.
179. Ann Deas (a child).
180. Keating S. Ball.
181. Major G. W. Egleston, 1834.
182. Mrs. Porcher, 1839.
183. Alexander Robertson, 1841.
184. Mrs. Robertson, 1841.

185. Henry Trescott, 1822.
186. Mrs. Henry Trescott, 1821.
187. Edward Trescott, 1821.
188. Mrs. Edward Trescott, 1821.
189. Andrew Johnstone, 1826.
190. Mrs. Andrew Johnstone.
191. T. W. Bacot, first Post Master at Charleston,
appointed by President Washington, 1818.
192. Major Henry H. Bacot.
193. Hon. Mitchell King, 1826.
194. Mrs. Mitchell King, 1826.
195. Miss Campbell (now Mrs. King), 1826.
196. Mrs. Campbell, 1826.
197. Sextus T. Gaillard.
198. B. Gaillard, 1818.
199. H. B. Mazyck, 1826.
200. Mrs. H. B. Mazyck, 1826.
201. Col. R. Q. Pinckney.
202. Mrs. R. Q. Pinckney.
203. Mrs. Moodie, 1830.
204. Mrs. Theodore Gourdin, 1826.
205. Thomas Cochran, 1822.
206. Arthur G. Rose, 1840.
207. H. S. Hayden, 1838.
208. A. H. Hayden, 1842.
209. Mrs. Raoul, 1836.
210. Alfred Raoul, M.D.
211. Hon. R. B. Gilchrist, Judge U. S. Court, 1841.
212. Col. J. S. Cogdell, Artist, 1841.
213. R. W. Cogdell, 1825.
214. Col. J. E. McPherson, 1818.
215. Master O'Brien McPherson, 1823.
216. Master J. W. McPherson, 1823.
217. Gen. McPherson, copy from Malbone, 1818.

218. James Creighton.
219. S. Mayrant, 1834.
220. Mrs. Mayrant, 1842.
221. Samuel Mayrant, 1839.
222. Rev. Jasper Adams, President Charleston College.
223. Mrs. James Lamb, 1834.
224. Daniel O'Hara, from memory, two years after death.
225. Mrs. Blamy.
226. Mrs. Nelson, 1833.
227. Charles E. Rowand.
228. Major E. Haskell, officer revolutionary army.
229. Mrs. E. Haskell, 1838.
230. C. Williman, Jr.
231. James H. Gager, 1839.
232. Mrs. Charles Miot, 1830.
233. Robert Caldwell, 1843.
234. Young Lady, from a daguerreotype, 1849.
235. John Blake White, Artist.
236. Mrs. R. L. Baker, 1825.
237. W. C. Bee.
238. James Stuart, Beaufort, S. C.
239. James Jervey, 1818.
240. Nathaniel Russel, first miniature painted professionally, 1818.
241. George Edwards, 1824.
242. Hon. Robert H. M'Carter, New-Jersey, 1845.
243. James J. M'Carter, 1828.
244. Mrs. Dr. Dickson, copy after Mrs. Bounetheau.
245. Thomas Middleton, in costume, 1822.
246. Lord Ed. Fitzgerald, celebrated Irish patriot, property of Mr. Middleton. (From a print).
247. Gen. James Cuthbert.

248. Nathaniel Heyward, 1829.
249. William Heyward, 1837.
250. Wm. Heyward, Prince William's Parish (copy).
251. Mrs. George Cuthbert.
252. Mrs. T. M. Rhett, Beaufort, S. C.
253. Clara Fraser, a child (Mrs. Herbemont).
254. Ann T. Trapier (a child).
255. S. P. Monk, 1830.
256. Mrs. Paul S. H. Lee (Miss Van Rhyn).
257. Hon. Langdon Cheves, Speaker U. S. H. R.,
Associate Judge S. C., Attorney Gen'l S. C.,
President U. S. Bank.
258. Hon. Elihu Hall Bay, 1837, Judge of South-
Carolina.
259. Hon. William Waties, 1818, Judge of South-
Carolina.
260. Gen. R. Y. Hayne, Governor of South-Caro-
lina, U. S. Senator, 1827.
261. Col. Arthur P. Hayne, 1836.
262. Robert J. Turnbull (Brutus), 1834.
263. Robert J. Turnbull (copy).
264. Robert J. Turnbull (copy).
265. Hon. E. Frost, Judge S. C., 1843.
266. Henry Bailey, Attorney General S. C.
267. George S. Bryan.
268. Edward Jones.
269. Joseph Johnson, M.D., author "Revolutionary
Reminiscences, &c."
270. Alex. Barron, M.D., 1813.
271. I. M. Campbell, M.D., 1819.
272. Dr. Le Seigneur, engraved from Mr. Fraser's
miniature, 1834.
273. Dr. William Read, of the Revolutionary army,
1834.

274. Hugh Rose, 1826.
275. Rev. Frederick Dalcho, M.D., author History of the P. E. Church in South-Carolina; some time an Editor of the Charleston Courier.
276. Rev. Joseph Walker, D.D., 1845.
277. Rev. A. Glennie.
278. Gen. Washington, in pen and ink, chiefly from recollection; property of Mrs. Stock.
279. Gen. Washington; property of Charles Manigault.
280. La Fayette; property of the City of Charleston.
281. Gen. William Moultrie; property of Dr. James Moultrie, 1802.
282. Napoleon; property of Hon. R. C. Winthrop, Boston, Mass., 1830.
283. Gov. Arnoldus Vanderhorst, 1841.
284. Col. William Rhett, 1845 (copy).
285. Mrs. James Smith.
286. Major Alexander Garden, 1818, Revolutionary officer Lee's Legion.
287. Major Alexander Garden, 1839 (duplicate).
288. Henry Gibbes Garden, one of the earliest efforts of Mr. Fraser's pencil, being taken from memory, after the death of a lovely boy, aged six years, a son of Major Alex. Garden. Mr. Fraser, who had seen the child in 1797, was at the time on a visit to the Gibbes family, on John's Island, and one of the ladies having expressed regret that they had no likeness of him, he painted this, and presented it to her.
289. John Hume, aid of Marion, 1822.
290. John Hume, 1841 (duplicate).
291. Miss Lowndes (now Mrs. Wm. Aiken), 1831.
292. Miss Eliza Taylor, Columbia, 1851.

293. Mrs. Lewis Trapmann, 1822.
294. Mrs. John Grayson.
295. Miss Maria L. Whitridge (now Mrs. Frothingham, of Boston).
296. Col. Paul Hamilton.
297. John Martin Smith, Florida, 1837.
298. John Smythe, 1824.
299. William Blair, 1834.
300. John E. Bonneau.
301. Charles H. Tunis, 1826.
302. William E. Johnson, 1823.
303. Col. E. M. Seabrook, 1845.
304. Micah Jenkins, 1825.
305. Mrs. Laborde, 1838.
306. Hon. Thomas S. Grimke, Senator of S. C.
307. Edward Mitchell, M.D.
308. Lady Hamilton, after Romney; property of A. M. Manigault, Esq.
309. Fancy Sketch; property of Col. J. Ashe Alston.
310. Fancy Sketch, Madonna and child; property of Mrs. John S. Preston, Columbia.
311. Fancy Sketch; property of Col. Hampton, Columbia, S. C.
312. Lady with a necklace (ideal); property of H. Gourdin.
313. Fancy Sketch; a youth.

LANDSCAPES AND OTHER PIECES.

Serbo non solo ciò che è più simile, ma ciò che per arte è migliore.

[Names of proprietors at the end of each paragraph.]

1. Washington—portrait from Stuart. This is Mr. Fraser's first portrait in oil—done 1801. Dr. Winthrop.
2. Crypt of a Monastery, with the figure of a Monk carrying under his arm a book. Hon. Rob't C. Winthrop, of Boston, Mass.
3. End of a Corridor of a Monastery—a kneeling Monk before a tomb, over which is a bénitier. Boston (Mass.) Athenæum.
4. Lake Averno—two figures—a view—vessels in the distance. Daniel Ravenel, Esq.

The ancient Avernus. So called, because birds could not fly over it, in consequence of its exhalations. It was the entrance to the lower regions taken by Ulysses and Æneas.
"Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis."—VIRG. l. vi., v. 127.
5. Fancy Piece—Gothic Arch—broken balustrade—water running beneath it—two lovers. J. Ravenel, Esq.
6. An Ancient Bath—a female figure with her feet in the water. J. B. Campbell, Esq.

7. Castle of Chillon—boat on Lake Leman—figures—mountains in the distance. Dan'l Ravenel, Esq.

"A double dungeon, wall and wave
Have made—and like a living grave,
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies, wherein we lay—
We heard it ripple night and day."

PRISONER OF CHILLON.

8. Roman Charity—"De filiæ pietate in patrem."—Valerius Max. lib. 5, Cap. iv.

"The milk designed
For her own offspring, on the parent's lip
Allays the parching fever."

9. Ponte Lugano. Mr. Gourdin.
10. Blandusia—a cabinet picture. Dr. Gibbes, of Columbia, S. C.
- "O Fons Blandusæ splendidior vitro."
HORACE Carm., Lib. iii, 13.
11. Fancy Sketch—cabinet picture. Dan'l Ravenel, Esq.
12. Pausilippo, near Naples. Miss M. J. Fraser.
13. Still Life—a setter dog and birds. Mr. R. Gourdin.
14. Landscape—two figures—a house on the hill side and a waterfall. Mr. Barker.
15. Landscape—ruins of a castle in the distance—figures and sheep. Mr. Barker.
16. Small Landscape—view on Lake Winnipiseogee. Dr. Winthrop.
17. Small Landscapes, with water and trees. Mr. C. F. Jackson.

18. View of St. Peter's from the East, and the Bridge of St. Angelo. Judge Frost.

"But lo! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome,
To which Diana's marvel was a cell."

CHILDE HAROLD, Canto iv., st. cliii.

19. Merchant of Venice, act v. scene 1—Lorenzo and Jessica. Judge Frost.

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of musick
Creep in our ears."

20. Corridor of a Monastery—a tomb—before it a Monk kneeling. Judge Frost.

21. Still Life—ducks and snipe. Frederick E. Fraser, Esq.

22. Richard Cœur de Lion, confined in "La Tour Tenebreuse"—the minstrel Blondel beneath the tower. Miss M. J. Fraser.

As the song of Richard First and his minstrel Blondel is not to be found in ordinary books, it has been suggested to us, that many readers might be gratified by its full insertion here.

THE SONG OF RICHARD CŒUR DE LION AND THE
MINSTREL BLONDEL.

Taken from an old French Romance called "La Tour Tenebreuse."
It is in the language of Provence.

BLONDEL—"Domna vostra beutas,
Elas bellas faisos,
Els bels oïls amoros,
Els gens cors ben taillats,
Don sien empresenats,
De vostra amor qui mia lia."

RICHARD—"Si bel trop affansia,
Ja de vos non portrai,
Que majer honorai,
Sol en votre deman
Que fautra des beisan
To can de vos volria."

IMITATED.

BLONDEL—"Your beauty, lady fair,
None views without delight;

But still so cold an air
 No passion can excite;
 Yet this I patient see,
 While all are shunned like me."

RICHARD—"No Nymph my heart can wound,
 If favour she divide,
 And smile on all around,
 Unwilling to decide:
 I'd rather hatred bear,
 Than love with others share."

23. Landscape—a man fishing. H. Gourdin, Esq.
24. Grapes—cabinet picture. Dr. Winthrop.
25. Dead Dove—cabinet picture. Dr. Winthrop.
26. Ground Floor of a Crypt—two Franciscans, one reading, the other telling his beads. Hon. M. King.
27. Interior View of a part of the Coliseum. Dr. W. T. Wragg.
28. Interior of a Chapel, in which is a copy of Spagnoletto's painting of the Adoration, (original in the Musée Napoleon,) two figures of Monks. Hon. M. King.
29. Gap in the White Mountains. Richard Yeadon, Esq.
30. Falls of Niagara. Dr. T. Y. Simons.
31. Crypt of Norman Architecture, on ground floor; two Monks opening a vault. Mr. J. Ravenel.
32. Archway across to a street; and fountains—Roman. Mr. J. Ravenel.
33. End of a Corridor, with a Gothic window and the effigy of a king on a tomb—a kneeling Monk and a bénitier on the wall. Mr. J. Ravenel.

34. Still Life—English snipe suspended. Mrs. Middleton Smith.
35. Exterior of a Dutch Guinguette, with boors regaling. Dr. Winthrop.
36. Still Life—teal, snipe and woodcock. Mr. W. C. Gatewood.
37. Still Life—fish, crevalle and sheephead suspended. Mr. W. C. Gatewood.
38. Landscape—view of the Schuylkill River, at Fairmount, Philadelphia. Mr. J. D. Ford.
39. Mountain scenery in New Hampshire. Captain Elliott, of Pocotaligo, S. C.
40. Mountain scenery in New Hampshire—another view. Captain Elliott, of Pocotaligo, S. C.
41. Trenton Falls—on West Canada Creek, Oneida County, N. Y. Dr. Winthrop.
42. Still life—duck and partridges. (This is the last work of Mr. Fraser, done in April, 1856.) Dr. Winthrop.
43. Bridge of Lugano. Dr. Winthrop.
44. Landscape—Italian scenery. Daniel Heyward, Esq.
45. Landscape—view in Egina, with the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Panhellenius. Daniel Heyward, Esq.
46. Espousal of St. Catharine—a copy, in water colors. Mr. Fraser.
47. Adoration of Virgin and child—a copy, in water colors. Mr. Fraser.

48. Still life—fish, sheephead. Dr. R. W. Gibbes, Columbia, S. C.
 49. Still life—fish, bass. Dr. R. W. Gibbes, Columbia, S. C.
 50. Still life—teal and partridges. Dr. R. W. Gibbes, Columbia, S. C.
 51. Cat looking wistfully at dead partridge, snipe and woodcock. Dr. R. W. Gibbes, Columbia, S. C.
 52. Landscape—man fishing. James L. Petigru, Esq.
 53. Landscape—lake scenery, islands, village in the distance. James H. Ladson, Esq.
 54. Landscape—woods and running stream. James C. Jones, Esq.
 55. Landscape—inland scenery, African side of the Mediterranean. Daniel Heyward, Esq.
 56. Landscape—Italian scenery. Mrs. Middleton Smith.
 57. Gap in the White Mountains. Mr. Yeadon.
 58. Temple of Minerva at Athens. Mrs. Grimké.
 59. Vale of Tempe, with a view of the River Peneus, flowing between Ossa and Olympus. Mrs. Grimké.
- From the beauty of this vale, places of a similar scenery are often called by the name of "Tempe," "*Frigida Tempe*"—*VIRG. G. ii., 469.* "*Zephyris agitata Tempe*"—*HORAT. od. iiii. 24.*
60. Falls of Niagara. Dr. R. W. Gibbes, Columbia, S. C.
 61. Falls of Niagara, from Goat's Island. Dr. R. W. Columbia, S. C.

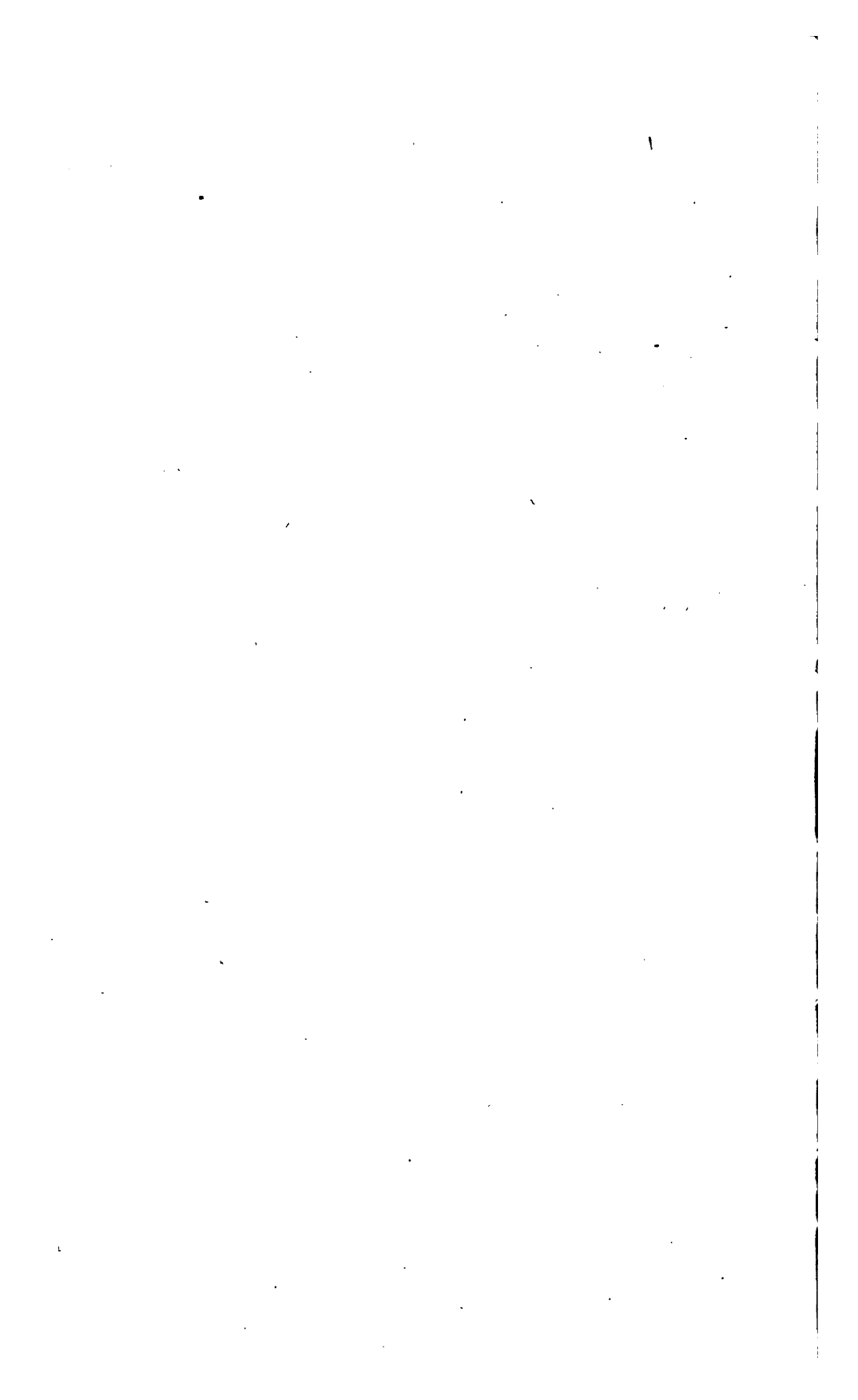
62. Falls of Niagara, from the American side. Prof. S. H. Dickson, M.D.
63. Rapids above Niagara Falls. Hon. R. B. Rhett.
64. Dead birds—and a cat looking at them. Mr. S. J. Legaré.
65. Scene on the Mohawk. Mrs. Grimké.
66. Terrier dog (Jerry) examining a mouse trap. Dr. Winthrop.
67. Socrates' last interview with his friends, designed and painted by Mr. Chas. Fraser in 1801. Hon. Mitchell King.
- Socrates refused to make his escape out of his prison. "Where," said he to Crito, who had bribed the gaoler and made his escape certain, "Where shall I fly to avoid the irrevocable doom passed on all mankind?"
68. Imitation of wood, with a nail painted on it. Mr. C. F. Jackson.
69. Landscape—water, rocks and trees. Mr. W. L. Webb.
70. Landscape—a water-fall. Mr. W. L. Webb.
71. Landscape—a water-fall. Hon. M. King.
72. Landscape—house on a rock on the margin of the water, and figures. Dr. E. North.
73. Eruption of Vesuvius, south-east view. Mr. J. J. M'Carter.
74. Still Life—teal and partridges. Mr. W. L. Webb.
75. Rock of Scylla. Mr. F. Richards.
76. Still Life—teal, blue jay, woodcock and snipe. J. L. Petigru, Esq.

77. Interior View of a portion of the Coliseum. Mr. Conner.
78. Still Life—duck and partridges. Mr. Conner.
79. Smugglers. Hon. W. I. Bull.
80. Still Life—fish, a crevalle. Alfred Huger, Esq.
81. Landscape—Eastern scenery. C. Alston, Sen., Esq.
82. Landscape—Eastern scenery. C. Alston, Sen., Esq.
83. Landscape—Mount Tabor. Mr. J. J. M'Carter.
84. Pool of Siloam. Mr. J. J. M'Carter.
85. Landscape—ruins, castle on a hill. Mr. James H. Ladson.
86. Landscape—stream and rocks. Mr. James H. Ladson.
87. Landscape, with water scenery. Dr. Gibbes, of Columbia.
88. Rapids. Mr. Gourdin.
89. West Point, New-York. Mr. Gourdin.
90. Water Scenery—vessel-of-war in the distance, firing a signal gun for her boats to come aboard. Dr. Henry R. Frost.
91. Wrecked Vessel on a Rock. Dr. H. R. Frost.
92. Mount Tabor. Prof. James Moultrie.
93. Small Landscape—two horses, with riders, swimming a river. Prof. James Moultrie.
94. Landscape, copy from Poussin. Hon. T. L. Hutchinson.

95. Landscape, copy from Poussin. Hon. T. L. Hutchinson.
96. General Washington, in India ink, 1799. Miss Fraser.
97. Battle of La Hogue, in India ink, 1799, from an engraving of West's picture. Chas. Fraser, Esq.
98. Battle of the Boyne, in India ink, from an engraving, 1799. Charles Fraser, Esq.
99. Mount Pleasant, in water colors. Dr. Strobel.
100. Mount Pleasant, another view, in water colors. Dr. Strobel.
101. Portrait of Mrs. Cotchett, a copy. Mrs. Robson.
102. Portrait of Mr. James D. Mitchell. Painted previous to 1809. Mrs. Amelia Mitchell.
103. Portrait of Mr. John Grimball—copy from a miniature taken in 1792. Mr. J. Berkeley Grimball.
104. Portrait of Mrs. Manigault—copy from a miniature by Malbone. Mr. J. Berkeley Grimball.
105. Fancy sketch. Mr. J. J. M'Carter.
106. Ground Floor of a Crypt—Norman architecture—two monks by a vault. Dr. Wragg.
107. Old Philosopher—miniature size. Dr. T. Y. Simons.
108. Dogs and birds. Mr. Charles Alston.
109. Birds. Hon. M. King.
110. Drawing from a medal struck in honor of Voltaire, done in 1802. Charleston Library Society.

111. Drawing from medal struck in time of Louis XVI. Charleston Library Society. 1803.
112. Portrait of Daniel Huger, Esq.—copy. Alfred Huger, Esq.
113. Portrait of John Huger, Esq.—copy. Alfred Huger, Esq.
114. Portrait of Col. John Laurens. Mrs. Roper.
115. Portrait of Col. Henry Laurens—a copy from Copley. Mrs. Roper.
116. Sir Joshua Reynolds—copy, miniature size, done in India ink. Charles Fraser, Esq.
117. Annibal Caracci—copy, miniature size, done in India ink. Charles Fraser, Esq.
118. Portrait of Gen. Moultrie. The City Council.
119. Weary traveller. Dr. Winthrop.
120. Landscape—entrance to a harbor, lighthouse in the distance. Mr. H. E. Ravenel.
121. Naval action—U. S. frigate Constitution and British frigate Java—water colors. Hon. W. J. Bull.
122. Landscape—notch in the White Mountains. Mrs. Elias Ball.
123. Landscape—view in the White Mountains. Mrs. Elias Ball.
124. Bridge near Rome. Mr. Daniel Heyward.
125. Fancy sketch. Mrs. John Y. Stock.
126. Landscape—two horses with their riders swimming a river. Dr. Frost.
127. Water fall, in water colors. George S. Bryan, Esq.

128. Landscape—English scenery—woods, running water—a gentleman throwing his line for trout—a man smoking beneath a tree—cattle on a hill. Mr. E. N. Thurston.
129. Landscape—the termination of a lake—rocks and trees—two lovers seated on a crag—buildings in the distance. Mr. E. N. Thurston.
130. Still Life—a larder with a duck and game. Col. Wade Hampton.
131. Still Life—a setter dog squatting by a wood cock, two partridges, a snipe and a wild pigeon. Col. Wade Hampton.
132. Still Life—red-head duck, pheasant and woodcock. Col. Wade Hampton.
133. Girl and Kitten, in India ink. Mrs. Gilman.
134. Innocence, in India ink. Miss Davie.
135. Poet, in India ink. Mrs. Coates.
136. Listening to the preaching of John the Baptist. C. Fraser, Esq.
137. Landscape—English scenery—water and cliffs of rocks—below, a man on a white horse, with a dog—castellated buildings in the distance. S. G. Barker, Esq.
138. Head of Washington, in pen and ink, principally from recollection. Mrs. Stock.
139. Portrait of Mr. George MacCaulay, Sr., copy from Shields. Hon. J. L. Hutchinson.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

CHARLES FRASER.

By Robert Wilson Gibbs.
 ———— He hath drawn

The special head of all the land together.

KING HENRY IV.

Whilst o'er each scene, with blended beauty, met
 The poet's genius, and the painter's art.

C. FRASER.

SOUTH-CAROLINA has given to the United States, in Washington Allston, their greatest star in the galaxy of art, and bright among the brightest of her living lights, is the subject of this brief sketch.

CHARLES FRASER was born in the city of Charleston, on the 20th of August, 1782, and was deprived of his father's care at the early age of nine years. In childhood, his disposition to become a painter was shown in all his pursuits, but the learned professions, at that time, were considered as opening the only proper sphere of action for an educated gentleman, and thus the youthful aspirations of genius were controlled by what was considered an enlightened policy. At that early period in our history, there was no such profession as that of artist, and no doubt the guardians of the boy deemed it a sacrifice of money as well as of time and education, to allow the cultivation of talents in a questionable occupation. In a letter to a friend he says:

"It was to this timid and home-bred feeling, (if so I may call it) that I owe the circumstance of not having been educated an artist. This unfortunate error, by which the destiny of my life was directed, or rather mis-directed, will ever be, as it has always been, a source of regret to me."

When eleven years of age, he became intimate with a congenial spirit, and being two years older, he was soon the youthful instructor in the rudiments of art of his friend Thomas Sully, who, in after years, became an ornament to his country, and still lives to enjoy a reputation rarely equalled in the annals of his

profession. This information we derive from both, who equally delight in the reminiscence, and enjoy with a just pride the success of each other.

Washington Allston, Charles Fraser, and Thomas Sully, commenced their brilliant career in the city of Charleston, two of the number being natives of the State, and the third of England, where Benjamin West was in the zenith of his success, and he too an American artist. At the age of sixteen, Mr. Fraser became a student of law, and continued in the lawyer's office for three years, when he left it for the attractive study of his favorite art. After three or four years, he became discouraged and resumed his legal studies in 1804. In 1807, he was admitted to practice, and continued at the bar for eleven years.

During the term of his practice, his assiduity and punctuality, added to his ability and accomplishment in his profession, enabled him to accumulate a competency, which induced him to apply himself again to his much loved pursuit. In 1818, he commenced his public profession as an artist, and the first miniature he executed was that of the venerable Nathaniel Russell. Orders soon came in rapidly, and his pencil was kept constantly employed in his native city. The only place in which he ever painted out of the State, was in Hartford, Conn., for a short time in 1831.

In the winter of 1800, MALBONE painted in Charleston, and Allston and Fraser were his intimate friends. The very high order of excellence characteristic of such companions, with the special devotion of Malbone to miniature, no doubt stimulated Fraser still more to aim at the utmost elevation in his beautiful art. Association with genius and enthusiasm, in early life, exercises an influence of the happiest character, on the mind and feelings as well as on the talent, and much of the subsequent success of our respected friend is no doubt due to the fortunate conjunction of such kindred natures as here met together. With social feelings peculiarly characteristic of the gentlemen of that day, and with the appreciation of the opportunity which refined education enabled him to improve, and love of his profession imbrued him with the importance of cultivating, he must have derived the greatest advantage from the assistance of such a friend as Malbone, who was then the best artist of his time in his special line.

Our limits do not allow us to trace the progress of our friend

in the very successful career in which he has steadily advanced, nor to notice particularly the many valuable contributions from his pen, speculative and poetical, to the periodical literature of the day, in the *Southern Quarterly Review* and other journals. His admirable paper on the Fine Arts, in the fourth volume of that excellent work, then conducted by the eminent Stephen Elliott, contributed largely to fix for it at once a high character as a representative of Southern taste and literary excellence. We should be delighted could we offer as many specimens as we would desire of his poetical effusions, which have adorned our periodicals, and while we may venture to select a few of them, to show that he paints ideas with a pen as well as a pencil, we cannot withhold from his friends in the present connection, the following criticism upon the first picture our country has produced, as exhibiting his critical taste and the literary expression of his judgment. Of *SPALATRO, or the Bloody Hand*, he says:

"We have heard this (save the mark) called a pretty picture. We do not think it so; and we are sure that the unsuspecting artist never dreamed that it would be so considered. If high wrought delineation of character—if the personification of the vilest impulses that could agitate the heart, and distort the features—if depravity stamped by nature on every trait, and nurtured in deeds of violence and bloodshed—if the contortions produced by a terror-stricken conscience, in every limb and joint, and sinew and extremity, from the crown of the head to the very toe-nail, as seen in the faltering figure of Spalatro—if the stern, un pitying fixedness of the monk who grasps the dagger and points the way to his sleeping victim—if the midnight gloom of a dungeon, made visible by the glimmering of a little lamp, with its associations of hopeless suffering—if all these, brought together with matchless skill by the artist, and embodying to the eye, what had before only been unveiled to the imagination—if these constitute mere beauty, then indeed, might we pronounce this "a pretty picture." But we apprehend there is something more than beauty in it; a charm in which art itself is hidden, and makes us forget the pencil in its creations. No painter could have produced such a picture without a profound knowledge of human nature—without being able to trace to their deepest recesses the springs of conduct, and without a philosophical knowledge of their influence on the actions of men. In a word, we

know of no picture ever painted in this country, that has concentrated, in a greater degree, the delight and admiration of the intelligent. Its execution is in Mr. Allston's peculiar style of high finish; his maxim is, that as nature is nowhere found slovenly or negligent, the art that professes to imitate her, should be elaborate in its process, and never fall short of its object, from want of care. We never, therefore, see what is technically called *handling* in his pictures, but his effect (and in this he never fails) is made out by study and diligence. One remark more; and that is, the magic effect of the lamp which seems to flicker before the eye. The light on the figures and surrounding objects neither takes from its brilliance, nor loses for them any of their own distinctness."* None but a true artist, feeling his subject could have given such a critique in such language.

We might dwell with much pleasure on a notice of Mr. Fraser's *Reminiscences of Charleston*, but the interest with which this little volume was received has rendered it familiar to all. It is a grateful privilege he has enjoyed to live immediately after the stirring period of the revolution, and to see and associate with our fathers of that day that made our glorious history—and to be blessed with the opportunity of recording for posterity the lineaments of Rutledge and Laurens, of Moultrie and Pinckney, of Gadsden and De Saussure, of Garden and Horry, of La Fayette and Davie, of Shubrick and Simons, and other worthies of the age of patriotism in our beloved State. We might allude to men of a later period, and enumerate many who have impressed their names upon the tablet of history, whose features are preserved to us by him in the freshness and the vigor of the best periods of their lives.

The collection of pictures from the pencil of Mr. Fraser has attracted a large interest in the community, and while many of his works are scattered abroad in distant parts of the country, and in foreign lands, still the gallery has been a very extraordinary one as to numbers.

It is very rarely that the record of one's work for three-score years is so preserved that its objects and results can be presented to his corporeal sight at a glance, and set before him at a *coup d'œil* the reminiscences of his earthly labors—the material

* *Magnolia*. 1842.

expression of his thoughts—the beautiful creations of his genius, taste, education and skill. Such are the pleasant thoughts that arise at visiting the rich collection, and seeing in the midst of it the venerable form of the patriarch surrounded by his children. If the history of each of the hundreds of beautiful fixed embodiments of life and sentiment could be brought forth, what a world of anxious thoughts, of pleasurable emotions at anticipated approval, and suspicions of dissatisfaction with individual efforts, would be laid before us—how much of delightful gratification at the realization of hopes or the relief of fears which has followed them!

The associations, too, of local circumstances, and knowledge of the sitters, with anecdotes of themselves and friends, and personal peculiarities, with a host of collateral contingencies, would yield from this occasion a most delightful volume of reminiscences. When we reflect upon the inestimable treasure of a correct likeness of a venerated parent, a much loved child, or sainted wife, an affectionate brother or sister, and that too, in the form of a picture of the highest excellence the age affords, the appreciation of the labor of such a man, who for more than half a century has been engaged in such delineations as a labor of love and a productive interest in art, cannot be carried too high. Rarely has such an exhibition been made, and we hesitate not to say that in no case has there ever been such a varied collection of a versatile pencil so uniformly successful. Not only in the life-like miniature is Mr. Fraser's ability and skill evidenced, but in the higher rank of landscape, his pencil has been eminently engaged, and equally successful. In portraiture, also, are memorials of that power which Allston complimented, and Stuart predicted would take the highest position in the profession. We say nothing of the admirable precision in the representations of *still life*, of which so many perfect specimens are exhibited. The crowds which daily visited the gallery attest the affectionate interest of the whole community in the noble monument which Charles Fraser has erected to the art of his native State, to the progress of the age, and to his own fame.

To the suggestion of the Rev. S. Gilman, D.D., seconded by the enlightened enthusiasm of John Ashe Allston, Esq., belongs the satisfaction of contributing to the declining years of the venerable artist the beautiful compliment of his fellow citizens, of placing in panoramic array before him the good works of his well spent

life. The thought is a touching tribute to his intellectual and physical efforts, and calculated to shed a permanent and fragrant influence on his remaining years. May it add to the term by its genial influence, and preserve the memory of the past in the refreshing and pleasurable enjoyment of the present.

Columbia, S. C.

R. W. G.

©

SUPPLEMENTARY SKETCH.—BY G. S. ^{George} ~~BRYAN~~.

That which we think most worthy of observation, as to Mr. Fraser's mind, is the healthful proportion of all its powers; their harmony and keeping. No one faculty has been cultivated at the expense of the other. Imagination has not been permitted to run riot and playing usurper to oust reason from its proper dominion, whilst taste, springing from sensibility and reason, in subtle combination, holds all in sweet control, and imparts its own essential grace, propriety, and elegance. In all his works, whether as poet or orator, artist or essayist, you will find nothing crude, abrupt, disproportioned. For illustration—his orations are not mere rhetorical flourishes, but present noble trains of thought, quickened by sensibility and adorned and enlivened by a chastened imagination. There is ever the substance of thought—and the ornaments of fancy bear the same proportion to the whole performance, that the chaste blossoms of the Magnolia of our forests do to the massive trunk and wide reaching branches of that stately tree: they add their own proper glory, and lend grace and elegance to majesty. His essays, on the other hand, are not mere dry disquisitions, but whilst they abound with knowledge, and are rich in the stores of original reflection, yet are they redolent of the finest odors of literature, and are enlivened by flowers and images gathered fresh from the wide realms of nature—springing up abundantly and spontaneously in a mind, always in love with nature, ever the enthusiastic student, never more at home or less alone than amidst the depths of her enchanting gardens, and peopled solitudes. His mind became steeped in the fragrance of her fields, and her forms of elegance, and beauty, and glory possessed it—his pages of pervading elegance, and beauty and grace, whether in the form of poem or oration, or essay, are but their soft and bright reflection. And in this connection, we should be wanting in critical discrimination, if we did not remark upon the singular felicity of quotation, and especially from the Latin language, which characteri-

zes Mr. Fraser's writings. And these quotations, not from the beaten track and highways of the classics, but from their less frequented paths, give such peculiar energy to his argument, and such vivid illustration to his sentiment, as equally to startle and delight the reader. In this rare felicity and accomplishment of style, especially in its application to the essay, we would hardly know where to find an equal amongst all our domestic authors. We are reminded rather of the Addisons, the Cannings, the Johnsons, and the Burkes of the old world, as suggesting the proper analogy, and furnishing kindred excellence.

The topic, upon which we have just remarked, namely, the healthfulness of Mr. Fraser's mind, the due proportion and harmony of all its powers, and in consequence, its perfect truthfulness, leads us by natural suggestion, to speak of a like feature and similar excellence in his character and career. As no one power of his intellect has been cultivated at the expense and to the sacrifice of any other, so has not *the man* been sacrificed to *the artist*, moral strength to taste, character to genius. And as we can no more confound a mind of Fraser's breadth of culture and general development, than we can that of the author of *Monaldi*—a magazine of every excellence, the profound critic and exquisite poet—with the mere painter, so we cannot ever separate in Mr. Fraser, the admiration due to the artist from the respect due to the man. In him, the man has not been merged in the painter, nor dwarfed and emptied of his proper dignity, that the genius might flourish. We find, therefore, that society, country, the author of nature and all glory and beauty, as well as nature itself, have claimed the homage of his mind and heart, and are traceable in living characters, alike in his writings, his life, and the living colors of his pencil. The community in which he has so long lived, with one mind, regard him as a faithful citizen, a pillar, and an ornament. . And although he has never been in our public counsels, yet has he ever been esteemed a wise counsellor; and more active spirits who have mingled in affairs, and ostensibly given direction to our public policy and shape to our measures, have been glad to avail themselves of the stores of his knowledge, and felt safer, when their conduct has received the approval of his wisdom. To borrow an image from war—though not a warrior, he has been the arsenal from whose collected stores many a warrior has been armed for

the fight, and the polish of many a weapon, which flashed confusion in the eyes of the enemy, has received its brightness from his burnishing hand. He has ever been looked to as a centre of moral strength, a storehouse of knowledge, a standard of taste. And as there is a time for all things, and life does not alone consist in action, but seasons come when man rises to his highest life, and pauses in his hurried career to think and to feel, and keep holy days of the heart; on such elevated occasions our community has with one accord turned to Mr. Fraser, to lead their reflections and give eloquent utterance to their sentiments.

Among the productions delivered on such occasions, were
Oration before the Cincinnati and Revolution Society—4th July, 1808.

Oration on laying the Corner Stone of the College of Charleston—1828.

Address before a College Society—1834.

Oration before the Washington Light Infantry on Washington's Birth Day—22d Feb., 1845.

Address on the Dedication of Magnolia Cemetery—on the 19th Nov., 1850.

The last address we select for particular notice, for the reason that it *was the last* public discourse delivered by Mr. Fraser, and because also, it met with a comment at the time, which we trust we may be pardoned for reviving and using as expressing not simply our own views of the merits of that particular production, but as indicating also, the general characteristics of the author, and the affectionate veneration in which he himself was held by the community. The criticism is as follows:

The opening of this address refers thus touchingly and gracefully to the speaker:

"Gentlemen:—You have not unappropriately selected one to address you on the dedication of Magnolia Cemetery, to whom the most of life is in retrospect, and whose future is bounded by no distant horizon. The occasion is solemn and impressive, and the reflections it excites well becomes him whose early friendships have almost passed away like a dream, and whose most cherished recollections are identified with the grave."

Whilst the heart of every one who had the happiness of hearing Mr. Fraser, responded feelingly to the truth of this pathetic allusion to himself, yet all who were led gently by him to the close

of his thoughtful, eloquent, elevated and learned address, were made to feel that his advanced age was the least among the qualifications which made the selection of him to fill the duties of the occasion, most appropriate and happy.

Time indeed had imparted to the speaker the dignity and gravity which belong to years and which became his theme. But whilst it had done this it had done much more; it had subdued the feelings, elevated the moral tone, enlarged the mind and heart of the Orator to give utterance to the high and solemn sentiments which become the contemplation of the grave. Whilst those who were of Mr. Fraser's audience, rejoiced to know that his fine mind had lost nothing of its force or fire, and was as fruitful as ever, yet they recognized in this admirable performance, the mellow fruit of an intellect, refined, softened and enriched by time. We are sure as often as this community has been called upon to admire the literary labors of our accomplished fellow-citizen, yet none have commended themselves more to the judgment, the taste and heart of our people. The eye of the painter, the sensibility of the poet, the apt allusion and learning of the scholar, the abstract thought of the philosopher, the lofty and elevated sentiment of the Christian, all are seen and felt in this production. It reminds us, by kindred excellencies, of the elegant and finished effort of Judge Story, at the dedication of Mount Auburn, and deserves to stand alongside of an essay, which has heretofore stood alone. Indeed, Mr. Fraser's effort, his argument in favor of extra-mural, or rural cemeteries over the dreary church yards of our cities—would seem to have been written under the inspiration of a day passed in the winding walks and pleasant shades—among the beautiful tombs, the impressive monuments, the varied, simple, and touching memorials of Mount Auburn itself—where stately tree, and ever verdurous shrub, and flowers of all hues, and the glimpse of waters, and the sheen of marble—a labyrinth of cheerful beauty—fitting decorations of the "gate of life:"

"Grave and garden mixed,
Make it a place to love, and not to fear."

Long may Mr. Fraser be spared to us, to exalt our domestic literature, and contribute to our treasures the riches of a meditative and studious mind; many, many, the elevated occasions he

may illustrate by the intellectual treasures yet in store for us. Yet it may be justly said, if the offering which he has just made to our people, were to be his last, it would be a worthy crown to a career of high and well merited distinction.

G. S. B."

Not since then has the revered author presented to the public at large, or prepared for any private circle, any formal address or discourse—and although since then, the cunning of his hand has wrought out, in the various fields of his beautiful art, pictures of the rarest loveliness and fidelity; yet, though our prayer and the earnest hope of all, is that his venerable form may for years be seen in our streets, to be greeted by the heartfelt homage of our whole people; we may not expect again to hear his eloquent voice in the lofty oration or solemn address, and must regard the finished and elegant discourse upon the dedication of Magnolia Cemetery as his "last," the worthy crown—in the language of the criticism just quoted—"to a career of high and well merited distinction." Attractive as it is in itself, remarkable as the work of a man of his advanced age, it now possesses for us the peculiar interest—in all human probability—of his last elaborate literary labor. To gratify the natural interest, felt by all, in such a work, and to vindicate the high opinion in which it has been held by the public, we feel sure we shall be more than excused in making some quotations from it. Although, there is such an unity in the whole performance, and every part adds so much to the whole, and the whole to every part, that they must suffer from a severance, which is almost a dismemberment, and which can not be made without some loss of their proper life, in their vital connection. The following is a portion of Mr. Fraser's summary of the duty, which the living owe to the dead:

"The world—wide, varied, beautiful—with all its diversities of season and climate, its pleasures and its occupations, its joys and its affections, its follies and its frivolities, is the domain of the living. It becomes, therefore, the no less grateful than natural duty of the living, to provide for the peaceful slumbers of the dead, and to gather around their last resting place every tribute of respect, and every emblem that may be suitable to its loneliness and repose.

"This duty is so consonant to the best feelings of humanity, that there is none more universally recognized. Even the

savage lays aside his ferocity in its pious discharge; and in constructing the mound of turf over the remains of his kindred, seems to invoke the sympathies of posterity. The remotest nations of antiquity—those whose history is but dimly discovered through the mist of time—have left indestructible memorials of their pious and ardent desire to preserve the remains, and embalm the memory, of distinguished cotemporaries and cherished relatives. This duty, so sacred even amongst the uncivilized, becomes elevated in proportion to the refinement and cultivation, either of the individual or the community which it influences. If it be natural and grateful, it is also honorable and praiseworthy, and involves a high and abiding social obligation. Who can estimate the claims of the grave? To the dead we are indebted for the purest examples of public virtue, and of private worth. To the dead we are indebted for many of those discoveries and improvements in art and science which are diffusing the blessings of comfort and prosperity throughout the world. To the dead we owe the high standards of intelligence and urbanity which give to social intercourse its greatest charm. To the dead, even in our own beloved country, we owe, not only the foundations of the great fabric of our liberties, but those lessons of wisdom, justice and moderation, upon the observance of which alone can depend its stability. Whilst to the memory of those with whom we have journeyed through the rugged paths of life, and “taken sweet counsel together,” we owe the unceasing tribute of respect and affection—that tribute which

“A grateful mind,
By owing, owes not—but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged.”

And he thus enforces and illustrates the advantages of the rural over the city grave yard:

“In the cemeteries that surround the city of Constantinople, the profoundest repose is said to prevail. The sound of a human voice is never heard within them, for silence and tranquillity are considered by the Turks the peculiar privileges of the tomb. The youth of Athens sought the deepest recesses of the Academy, to receive the instructions of their sages. The student of all times has betaken him to the privacy and solitude of the closet for meditation. And where, with all its edifying attributes, could a ce-

metry be more appropriately located, than amidst the tranquil scenes of nature? Where could its mute eloquence be more emphatic and salutary? Hence the contrast that there always must be between the repose and seclusion of a rural cemetery and that of a crowded city, surrounded by the parade and the levities of fashion, by the noise and bustle of business, and too often desecrated by the jests of the heedless and profligate. Over the one, nature loves to breathe her sweetest harmonies, and to shed her balmiest dews; whilst the other is beset with every association that can repel thought and meditation. The expanse of the one invites the varied and instructive lessons of the "rolling year;" whilst to the narrow limits and dreary uniformity of the other, these seasons, "as they change," bring no relief. But in nothing could this contrast be more striking, than in the funeral scenes they respectively exhibit. There is a mournful solemnity—a soothing quiet—a devotional influence in the one, disposing the heart to every impression which the occasion should excite. Whilst in the other, the religious services are often performed amidst crowds of unconcerned spectators—intruding upon the weeping mourners (as we all have seen,) even at the very side of the grave, and intercepting, as it were, the last tribute of remembrance and affection.

"Every object that surrounds a sylvan grave is in unison with its appeals to the heart. The trees that shade it, the breeze that sighs over it, the shower that moistens it, the verdure that covers it, the blossoms that shed their sweets upon it, are all appropriate, and emblematic not only of its repose, but of its hopes. The seed that perishes, but to spring up into new life; the sere leaves that fall upon it, but to be replaced by a new mantle of verdure, are all eloquent types.

"Shall man be left forgotten in the dust,
When fate, relenting, lets the flowers revive?
Shall nature's voice, to him alone unjust,
Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope and live?"

"If decay and re-production, decomposition and re-organization, are the unvarying course of inanimate nature; if the gloomiest day of winter but brings us, on its departure, nearer to the smiles of spring; are we not admonished, in language not to be misunderstood, that 'this mortal must put on immortality, and that what is

sown a natural body, must be raised a spiritual body?" And, therefore, how redolent of joy and hope, do these symbols, in their perpetually renewed freshness, make the graves of the pious and the virtuous; for in the elegant language of Shirley,

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

And oh, is there nothing in that dust to distinguish it from any other—no trace left of the spirit that once animated it, of that beauty, which was once embodied in it, those charms of youth and loveliness, representing all that we can conceive of angelic nature! Yes. The same power that can arrest the scattered rays of the setting sun, and bid them beam with collective lustre on the morrow—that power can re-animate this frail relic of earthly existence, spiritualized and meet for heaven."

And with graphic pen he thus paints the spot dedicated, as Magnolia, to the uses of the grave:

"You have been happy, in a section of country not remarkable for any variety of scenery, or for any striking features of landscape beauty, in having selected a site capable of every improvement required for the use to which it is to be appropriated. Like the unsullied canvass, inviting the creations of fancy from the pencil of the artist, a wide field, in almost original simplicity, is here spread before you by the hand of nature, and requiring only the adornments of taste to carry out her design of beauty. Greater undulation of surface would scarcely be desirable, it being already sufficiently varied to favor the meandering course of the water, which flows beneath yon moss-hung oaks, even to the limits of your enclosure. There we behold a neat funeral chapel, lifting its gothic tower above the trees that embower it, with its deep-toned bell always ready to welcome the "stranger and sojourner" to his mansion of rest.

"Nor can we be indifferent to the prospects which attract the eye on every side—Cooper river pursuing its quiet course towards the ocean, and the ocean blending its dim line with the mists of the horizon; the harbor, with Sullivan's Island and Forts Moultrie and Sumpter in the distance; the approach and departure of vessels; and last, though not least, Charleston itself, with its lofty steeples and its forest of masts in beautiful perspective."

And we cannot forbear quoting in unbroken form his eloquent peroration, in which, looking forward to the time, when this hallowed resting place shall have performed its office and been fully peopled, and its crowded monuments themselves shall in their decay be speechless, their tenants shall come forth to meet the destinies of the final hour:

"Many of you who hear me, are surrounded by the very clods that shall hereafter cover both you and yours. Let imagination look forward but a few years, to the scenes which these spreading lawns will exhibit. Amidst the luxuriant evergreens that will then shade them, the rich shrubs, and vines, and rose trees, that shall embellish them, here and there will be seen an urn—an obelisk—a broken column, looking out from their drapery of verdure. But can imagination discern the names inscribed on them? Can its keenest glance penetrate that surface, and discover whose dust it is that lies underneath? No! For that is a mystery confined alone to the volume in which are recorded the issues of life and death.

"Then let imagination extend its view still further into the future, and contemplate this scene, when time shall have triumphed over all its beauties, when the mourners shall themselves have been mourned and forgotten: when grief, and sorrow, and bereavement, shall have passed away; and those monuments shall have become a nameless, dateless, mouldering heap. Will any corresponding change have come over the dust below? Can time break the vigils of the soul over its former tenement of clay, to which it longs to be re-united in another existence? No! Time may overthrow pyramids of brass—it may trample upon perished annals—nations may fall before it, but it cannot destroy the slumbers of the grave—they are earth's sacred trust, and can only be surrendered when time shall be swallowed up in eternity.

"But if imagination should venture beyond this dread limit, what a vision might be unfolded to it! These graves, illumined by 'the morning beam of life's eternal day,' and rendering up their dead at the summons of the last trumpet. Friends and kindred recognizing and greeting each other, with more than earthly rapture; and Hope, the messenger of heaven, beckoning to them with outspread wings, to transport them to mansions of everlasting happiness.

"One reflection more and I have done. Death is not only the

unavoidable condition of man's existence, but of that of every living animal. Yet man alone, of all beings upon earth, *thinks of death*; he alone is capable of the thought; man alone cares for the body after death, and contemplates death as the passage to another state of existence. This forethought of death is the highest distinction of humanity. Man, therefore, is the only creature that can prepare for it. If then this frail earthly tabernacle is thought worthy of honor and respect, how much more does it become him to make it the business of his life to care for that intelligent spirit which gives it all its value.

If nature and reason prompt him to provide a mansion of rest for *that* which is to perish—oh, how sublime the power; how vast the privilege to prepare *that* which is to endure *forever*; to dwell “in a house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.”

Wherever the wise, the learned, the gifted, have met, whether in circles of literary communion, or social delight, or soberer counsel, there Mr. Fraser found his proper place, and his coming was always greeted as an accession of strength, pleasure, and dignity. We would naturally expect to find him a member of such a society as the conversational or literary club of our city, in which social delight and literary communion are blended with the higher pleasure of the discharge of the duty and privilege of hospitality. We are not then surprised to discover, that besides being a member of this body, he has been so during the whole term of its existence, and that with such lovers of science and literature, and the elegant arts, as Stephen Elliott, Grimké, King, the Prioleaus and Gadsdens, Judge Huger and Crafts, he was one among its founders. With these learned and accomplished men, he took rank as an equal, and with such those have succeeded, in bright succession, numbering among them such names as Agassiz and Dickson, Bachman and Gilman, Holbrook and Ravenel, Drayton and Geddings, Ford and Moultrie, Simons and Young, Dunkin and Smythe, and many others not unknown to fame, he associated as a full peer, and brought to their association the fair measure of his contribution of instruction and entertainment. His special evenings were always looked forward to with pleasant certainty of ample preparation and the enjoyment of essays, original and elaborate, abounding in curious learning, with speculation at the same time striking and ingenious, indicating equally a perfect mastery of the polite lite-

rature of his mother tongue and of the humanities, all expressed in a style, which owed its elegance and polish not simply to the schooling of books, but to the amenities of polite society. And with learning and philosophical reflection, and charming images of a cultivated fancy, was mingled humor the most delicate, and strokes of pleasantry the archest and slyest conceivable, which still gave a subtle relish to the performance, as a color, which lost in many colors, still helps to modify the pervading tints, and to relieve and brighten some otherwise too sombre hue.

This club has been in existence for almost half a century, *and with the exception of an interval of some years between the years thirty-five and forty-two*, has been continued to this day, with weekly meetings. On its re-organization in '42, the first meeting was held with Mr. Fraser, and he entertained it with an essay on the topic of *conversation*. The following, among many subjects treated of by him, indicate a richly furnished mind, and suggest its varied accomplishments, namely—An Essay on Omens; An Essay on the Minor Latin Poets, Martial especially; An Essay on the Puritans; An Essay on the Poetry of the Pentateuch; Thoughts on Social Aristocracy; Essay on Samuel Johnson; Essay on Blank Verse; Essay on Macbeth; Essay on Sybils; Essay on the inquiry: Is Society Assuming a New Form?

Until within a brief period, Mr. Fraser has been an active member of this society, constant in his attendance, and most faithful and punctual in the performance of his part. He found, in meeting its literary exactions, not only a healthful stimulus to his mind, but a recreation from his solitary artistic labors; and in its ranks, members and guests, a gentle contact with the world, most congenial and agreeable to a character of marked constitutional delicacy and reserve. And when recently, believing that he was not equal to meet the claims of the club upon him, if he continued his membership, he sent in his resignation—it was declined with one voice—and that the ancient and endearing tie should not be severed, it was by acclamation resolved, that Mr. Fraser should be constituted an honorary member, and be considered the permanent guest of the Society. How spontaneous and warm the impulse which prompted this movement, and how deep and heartfelt the pleasure with which they gave and received distinction by a continued living connection with this venerated and gifted member!

We have seen what a master of finished prose Mr. Fraser is, and how completely he commands all the resources of the language in that form of expression.—We have already seen that he possesses imagination, a refined taste, a pure delicate sensibility. We come now to a segment in the brilliant circle of his gifts and accomplishments, which is so akin to the others, that we almost irresistibly expect to find the Painter and the Orator, also a Poet—and it is in an emphatic degree so in the case of Mr. Fraser. As orderly, elegant, and musical as his prose, we think the melody of his poetry even deeper toned and freer; his movement is lighter, more elastic and rapid; his inspirations are deeper and he breathes in this ethereal element as if in his own proper atmosphere. We may mistake but to us it appears, that there is a fuller flow, a truer unction; the expression is rapturous, and possesses that inspired felicity which comes unbidden to the enkindled, transported, unconscious mind—a felicity beyond the reach of labor, as above the processes of analysis. The passion of the true poet seems to possess him quite, and his verse glows with a more fervent heat, a more genial fire, than in his prose. His spirit burns alike when in rapt contemplation of the beauties of nature, or the beauty of holiness, or the loveliness of woman, in her undimmed virgin sensibility and glory. How striking the thought, how profound the feeling, how solemnly impressive the moral lesson conveyed in the following lines, written in 1847.

“KEEP THY HEART WITH ALL DILIGENCE.”

4 PROV. 23 v.

Trust not that one unguarded thought,
Which idly wantons in the mind,
Shall vanish as it entered there,
And leave no trace behind.

Think not that unremembered words,
In anger or resentment said,
Because forgotten, shall not live,
By truth immortal made.

Nor hope a single reckless act,
Whose folly wayward youth beseems,
Shall yield to time's oblivious power,
With youth's departed dreams.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

A page, by angel pen inscribed,
 Records what ne'er can be effaced:
 And all you think, or say, or do,
 Is there forever traced.

Then o'er the heart, its hidden source,
 Thy vigils keep with ceaseless care;
 Let every purpose be thy best;
 Offence thy only fear.

And oh! what higher, holler hope,
 Was e'er to man in mercy given,
 Than angel pen, in lines of light,
 Should write thy name in heaven.

And in a different strain and measure, though thrown off, to use the French phrase, as mere "vers de société" the following lines have the true sentiment, sparkle and beauty of the finest poetry. The verses on the jewels express gracefully the brightest and gentlest of fancies, and the lines written for some fair lady, whilst they have the point and elegance, which become polite gallantry, yet contain stanzas, like those italicized, which exhibit as true flowers of the divine art, springing spontaneous from the mould of passion, as ever did flower from the soil of mother earth, quickened by the breath of spring.

THE JEWELS.

In glittering pride the diadem
 Might tempt the venal courtier's sigh,
 But I could on its brightest gem
 Forever gaze with tranquil eye.

Yet when beneath the silken fold
 That veils thy bosom's vestal white,
 The sparkling ruby I behold,
 Its modest charms subdue me quite.

For the diamond's purest ray
 Is but borrowed from the light,
 But thy beauty is the day
 That makes this little jewel bright.

A young lady once requested Mr. Fraser to write or sketch something for her in a splendid Album, which she sent to him. He did neither. But by way of atonement, wrote the following:

When on this snow-white page I look,
In all its beauteous vestal pride,
How gladly would I close the book,
And lay the pleasing task aside:

For then, imagination might,
Within its little magic space,
A score of happier thoughts unite
Than could my pen or pencil trace.

But what should be the chosen theme,
That might my slumbering genius move?
Should it be love? No, that's a dream,
Alas, the world's too old for love.

In Eden's blissful shade it smiled,
Rejoicing in its heavenly birth,
Till thence with wayward hearts exiled,
It ne'er has since been known on earth.

Should beauty animate the lay,
And o'er it light and life diffuse,
As when the smiling orb of day
O'ermantles earth with orient hues?

But then each charm of face or mind
I might with raptured hand portray,
However bright, in thee would find
A sweeter grace, a freer play.

Thy ruby lip and sparkling eye,
Thy bosom's snow—its Grecian mould,
Would even the pencil's art defy,
And mock the verse however bold.

Thy inward beauties to descry,
Oh, rather would to me 'twere given;
Beauties unseen of mortal eye,
Connecting link 'twixt earth and heaven.

*As, hidden in its mystic cell,
The spirit of the genial year
O'er nature weaves a living spell,
The flush of earth—the sweets of air,*

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

*So beams the soul-enkindled ray,
Or springs the tear from feeling's source;
So wields the heart resistless sway,
And guides unseen affection's course.*

*And where's the art or where the love,
That can the dimple's charm define?
What science can the blush explore,
Or analyze that smile of thine?*

Then let the unwritten page declare
What measured lines could ne'er express,
Nor deem this tribute less sincere,
Nor value my excuse the less.

And what a noble anthem is this—what mingled majesty, grace and elegance of expression, and how fervid the pious sentiment to the great Author, moulding all to the deepest, sweetest melody! Does it not flow like a wide river brimming its banks?

NATURE MADE FOR MAN.

While conscious reason for itself beholds
This plenteous banquet spread, what kindling joy
Shall man enraptured feel, or how express
His grateful love? For him the morning smiles
And scatters fragrance from its balmy wings;
For him a thousand harmonizing lays
And choral hymns breathe joyful from the grove;
For him, the stream slow murmurs in its course
To soothe the lonely hour of pensive rest.
The rushing tempest, and the sighing breeze
Alike for him diversify the year.
*In bright uncertainty his hopes repose,
Amidst the blushing promises of spring;
And autumn, clad in golden mantle, crowns
With rich reality his happy dreams.*
Perpetual change the varying seasons bring;
Alternate gloom and gladness nature proves,
The summer's beauty, and the winter's frown;
But man, unchanged, beholds the scene revolve
With ceaseless round—while pleasures ever new
The ample page of nature's book affords.
*On renovated wings the Phoenix mind,
Triumphant o'er decay, exalted soars.*
In every hallowed shade, 'midst every hue,
By nature's hand profuse thrown graceful round—

Or in the blazing noon's resplendent ray,
 Or darkly in the fearful midnight hour,
 On the blue-rolling wave, or hanging rock,
 To reason's eye unveiled, ethereal beams
 The seraph charm of heaven's immortal love.

And with what ease, freedom, grace and warmth, does he describe the great Painter, master of all the glories of the sunset scenes of Italy.

CLAUDE LORRAINE.

Resplendent in the West, the setting sun
 Announces day's departure—not a cloud
 Fleckers with envious shade his glorious path,
 Nor veils the dazzling radiance of the scene,
 As slow he sinks below the landscape's verge
 This was the shrine of thy devotion, Claude !
 Here, thy rapt eye its vesper homage paid
 To nature's majesty. By this inspired,
Thy glowing pencil o'er the canvas poured
Its rival splendors—and with classic grace
 Italia's scenes portray'd—the sombre arch,
 The consecrated grove—the slumbering lake,
 The azure mountains mingling with the sky,
 Th' Egerian solitude, or Balæ's shore;
Whilst o'er each scene with blended beauty met
The poet's genius and the painter's art.

From these few specimens of his ability in verse, will he not be freely confessed a poet—and contemplating the works of his pen and pencil alike, can we not most aptly apply to them, the concluding lines of his beautiful tribute to Claude Lorraine—

“ Whilst o'er each scene, with blended beauty, met
 The poet's genius and the painter's art!”

In indicating the various forms of Mr. Fraser's intellectual development, we cannot omit a labor which, though limited in its extent, is of such rare excellence, that, as Byron said of Moore's songs, that they were “*sparks of immortality*,” is in itself a title deed to lasting fame, and the pledge of enduring honor. We allude to the epitaph on that illustrious citizen, Gen. Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, inscribed on an entablature, on the south interior wall of St. Michael's Church. Its singular excellence challenged the admiration of the writer, when its author was unknown to him. The author, and the immortal patriot, whom

it illustrates and commemorates, should descend, for the admiration of posterity, together. Mr. Fraser had already with his pencil traced the lines of the countenance, and embodied the features of the soldier, patriot and statesman, for the affectionate gaze of his countrymen; it was reserved for him, in this inscription, with a few strokes of his pen in lines as graphic and living, to portray the great features of his life and character. Considered simply in the light of a literary achievement, and skill in the use of our language, it will, I am sure, be regarded as a most rare success; for our tongue, embarrassed with expletives, is not the instrument for compact expression and sententious brevity—the distinctive and proper characteristics of the epitaph. Artful and artificial in its very structure, the more accomplished language of the Romans—unencumbered by the numerous expletives, which clog the movement of our forms of speech, furnishes the condensed and pointed phrase, essential to its perfect execution. Accordingly it is in this language that we find the most exquisite epitaphs—and it is Mr. Fraser's extreme familiarity with Latin literature, and his passion for its elegant forms, to which we think we can safely ascribe his close approximation to the models of beauty of this kind, for which it is so peculiarly distinguished.

As the authorship of this epitaph cannot but be considered a matter of historical value as well as literary significance, and as there might be hereafter some question as to the authorship, it would seem to be well to fix now, on unquestionable authority, who the author was. This question—if question there be—is settled by the correspondence of the accomplished brother of Gen. C. C. Pinckney, Gen. Thomas Pinckney (“*par nobile fratrium*,” is an involuntary exclamation) with Mr. Fraser, whom he had consulted professionally upon the monument, and with whom he had also much consultation upon the inscription, and to whom he made several valuable suggestions, of which Mr. Fraser skilfully availed himself. In one of his letters of the year 1827, he writes:

“I am much obliged to you for the drawings which I have received of the monument to be erected for my brother. I have also to make my best acknowledgments to you for the epitaph. I had also formed an inscription, but I prefer yours.”

The epitaph which has been too long postponed by our comments, is as follows:

TO THE MEMORY OF
GENERAL CHARLES COTESWORTH PINCKNEY,
ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF
THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.
IN WAR
HE WAS THE COMPANION IN ARMS
AND THE FRIEND OF WASHINGTON.
IN PEACE,
HE ENJOYED HIS UNCHANGING CONFIDENCE
AND MAINTAINED WITH ENLIGHTENED ZEAL
THE PRINCIPLES OF HIS ADMINISTRATION
AND OF THE CONSTITUTION.
AS A STATESMAN,
HE BEQUEATHED TO HIS COUNTRY THE SENTIMENT,
MILLIONS FOR DEFENCE,
NOT A CENT FOR TRIBUTE.
AS A LAWYER,
HIS LEARNING WAS VARIOUS AND PROFOUND,
HIS PRINCIPLES PURE, HIS PRACTICE LIBERAL,
WITH ALL THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS
OF THE GENTLEMAN.
HE COMBINED THE VIRTUES OF THE PATRIOT
AND THE PIETY OF THE CHRISTIAN.
HIS NAME
IS RECORDED IN THE HISTORY OF HIS COUNTRY,
INSCRIBED ON THE CHARTER OF HER LIBERTIES,
AND CHERISHED IN THE AFFECTIONS OF HER CITIZENS.
OBIIIT XVI. AUGUST. MDCCCXXV.
ÆTATIS, LXXXIX.

This was a labor of love with Mr. Fraser, springing not only from personal friendship, but from political sympathy with the friend of Washington, the supporter of his administration, and the advocate alike of *his* principles and of the *Constitution*. Reverence and affection for the man, and an enthusiastic preference for his politics, which were the politics of the father of his country—appealed to all the deepest, fondest feelings of the citizen and the friend, and he embodied in this his perfect work, the passion of his youth, and the settled faith of his ripened manhood, and venerable age. We cannot here forbear to remark, that as identified as was Gen. Pinckney with the administration of Washington and the general political sentiments which governed it, and as large a share as he was supposed to possess of the confidence of the venerated chief, at the time when this epitaph was written, yet it has only been known to the world within the last few years, that General Washington wished to have given him the chief place in his cabinet. This fact gives a more pregnant aptness to the phrase “friend of Washington,” as applied to him, and such an honor, so long kept a secret, exalts our illustrious countryman still higher in the general esteem, and makes him yet more worthy of that highest of distinction, involved in the simple phrase, “friend of Washington.” Worthy indeed was he to be celebrated and commemorated, by the highest art of the painter, the sculptor and the poet, and it is pleasant to think, that whilst it has fallen to the lot of one of his own townsmen to paint his features, as our hearts would have them painted, and to inscribe the marble with his name in language worthy of the genius of any people, it has been reserved for another of his townsmen,* to embalm his memory in verse, as brilliant as Pope’s, and as simply elegant and mellifluous as Goldsmith’s.

The page that records the epitaph by Fraser, should be illustrated by the full and finished portrait by Grayson, and yielding to this propriety, we quote it entire.

“Far in the west, where sunset’s parting beam
With brighter splendor tints the glassy stream,
Pinckney’s green island-home yet bears the name†
Of one whose virtues share his country’s fame;
A soldier proved, without reproach or fear,
A statesman skilled new commonwealths to rare;

* Mr. Grayson, in his *Hireling and Slave*.

† The country-seat of Gen. C. C. Pinckney.

To field and forum equally inured,
 What arms had won, his eloquence secured;
 With stern resolve his country to defend,
 He spurned the arrogance of foe or friend;
 War crowned him with the laurels of the brave,
 And civic garlands Peace as amply gave;
 With care he watched the anarchy that waits,
 In ambushed strength, to crush revolting States,
 And strove with zeal, all jealous fears above,
 To bind them fast by ties of social love:
 In this alone his generous spirit saw
 For peace, security, and rule for law,
 Safety from border strife, from foreign foe,
 And the long ills that feeble nations know.
 Here, every work of patriot duty wrought,
 His peaceful shades the veteran statesman sought,
 With ready anecdote the livelong day,
 Or playful wit he charmed the grave and gay,
 And taught the art to brighten and refine,
 With cheerful wisdom, life's unmarked decline.
 With ready sympathy, he loved to view
 The April sports and to partake them too;
 To watch—at early dawn, when skies are bright,
 And dews lie sparkling in the early light
 On leaf and flower—the sail and glistening oar,
 Launched on the bay from every creek and shore.

In connection with the epitaph on Gen. Pinckney, we should have been glad to have particularly noticed a kindred labor of almost equal excellence, greatly admired by the finest critics and among them, our brilliant townsman, Hugh S. Legaré. We mean his "tribute to the memory of the Honorable John Julius Pringle," a citizen greatly distinguished for his moral worth and elevation of character; and a lawyer who, accepting the District Attorneyship from the hands of Washington, declined the Attorney Generalship of the United States from the hands of Jefferson—preferring the happiness and duties of home to the most brilliant distinctions of public life. We must content ourselves with one brief extract from it, and selecting that, as containing an example of Mr. Fraser's felicitous quotation from the latin tongue, as well as indicating the pure life of the subject of his "tribute." "The highest reward of a pure life is peace at the last.

Nulla recordanti, lux est ingrata gravisque:
 Nulla subit, cujus non meminisse velit.

In this happy repose of conscience he was gathered to his fathers."

We turn from our most imperfect and inadequate consideration of the varied manifestations of Mr. Fraser's mind, to record some signal incidents in his career as an artist. They attest the early remarkable promise and prophecy of his great distinction, and the perfect fulfilment. When he was only in his sixteenth year, he competed for the "drawing for the device of the great seal" of Georgia, and with the result stated below in the finished letter from the most marked character and distinguished man of our sister State, up to the time of her great statesman, Crawford. Such is the singular appreciation of Mr. Fraser's genius, and such the almost marvellous anticipation of the renown he was to win in his art, expressed in terms the most elegant, and in a manner, carrying proof of his sincerity, that we are sure we will be censured for publishing this letter in full, especially when we add, that the writer having played the very highest part as a statesman and soldier in the State of Georgia, was so identified with our own, that he suffered the horrors of the prison ship in our waters, fought with Sumter at Blackstock, and as Brigade Major of Gen. Pickens, triumphed at the Cowpens, and in the language of that distinguished soldier and general, won from him this tribute, "Major Jackson acted as my Brigade Major, and by his example, and active conduct, greatly contributed to *animate the troops, and ensure the success of the day.*" The following is the precious document—which must have given a glorious impulse to the aspirations of the youthful artist, and sustained his spirits in many of those hours of doubt and sadness, which come to all the children of genius.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, GEORGIA, }

Sir:

Louisville, April 24, 1799. }

Your elegant drawing for the device of the Great Seal of this State, reached this department. A mere mistake of the terms of the law and your belief that the impression was to be made on one side only, have prevented your receiving the premium. Had you formed the idea of a reverse, you would have entirely succeeded. For it is a tribute due to your superior genius and talents, to acknowledge that the masterly hand is visible in every part of your excellent performance.

I am informed that you are but sixteen years of age. Your youth adds greatly to your merit and to that admiration which your piece has received. I am advancing in life and am not used to flattery, but I think I can venture to foretel, should your genius be properly cultivated, that you will rival the greatest masters of your favorite art, and that South-Carolina will be proud to boast of her Fraser.

You are welcome, sir, to use this just homage to your talents, either for the entertainment of your friends, or the information of the public, both of whom have so much to expect from you.

And I request you to believe that I am with much respect,

Your admiring friend,

Mr. CHARLES FRASER,
South-Carolina.

JAS JACKSON.

Just twenty-six years after the event we have recorded, another occurred, the most marked, in its historical connections, of any of his life—his painting a full length and also a miniature likeness, of the friend of Washington and of his country, General LaFayette. This signal artistic labor he executed at the request of the City Council of Charleston. At the same time, he painted a miniature of the friend and deliverer of Gen. LaFayette, Col. Huger, and with elevated generosity, presented it to the City Council. This gift is acknowledged by the accomplished Intendant of that day, Samuel Prioleau, in the following graceful letter.

Sir: The City Council have requested me to signify to you their acceptance of your excellent likeness of Col. Huger. They are very sensible of the delicacy of the compliment of thus enabling them to tender to General LaFayette, on behalf of the City of Charleston, so pleasing a memorial of one of his truest friends and one of our most virtuous fellow citizens.

Uniting my thanks with those of the Council, I have the honor to be, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

SAMUEL PRIOLEAU, Intendant.

This miniature of Col. Huger, presented to General LaFayette, brought the skill of Mr. Fraser before the critics of the old world and of the most accomplished people of Europe; and what is the report? We have it in a letter from General LaFayette himself,

to Col. Huger, dated La Grange, Dec. 29, 1826, and also from a letter addressed to General Youngblood, of Dec. 30th, 1826, from which we make the following extracts:

"Your admirable miniature portrait, while it every day excites my gratitude to the City Council, and the feeling interest of all new comers to La Grange, has also produced another kind of excitement among the artists of Paris. It is an additional obligation I have to Mr. Fraser. I am proud to show this beautiful specimen of American art; my patriotic feelings on the occasion have had full enjoyment. You know I have sat also for Mr. Fraser, to whom, when you see him, I beg you to present my friendly and grateful compliments."

"Remember me to your good Intendant, (Samuel Prioleau.) Mr. Fraser's admirable portrait of my friend and benefactor, Huger, is considered a very high specimen of the state of the arts in the United States. Be pleased to present my compliments to him."

Whilst such is the testimony from abroad, to his pre-eminence in his art, the acknowledgements of that lofty rank, not only in his native city and State, but in his country at large, abound. We select from among them, a letter of recent date, addressed to the Committee of the Fraser Gallery, from a gentleman, of the rarest cultivation and taste, who has won such trophies in letters, that his countrymen might well desire that he had given himself wholly to literature, and yet has played so high a part in the councils of his country, that the patriot cannot but wish, that his country might claim the devotion of all his powers.

Boston, 19th January, 1857.

Your favor of the 13th reached me yesterday. In the meantime, however, I had seen the public notice of the proposed compliment to my excellent friend Mr. Fraser, and had immediately taken steps for contributing all in my power towards its success.

I am the fortunate owner of two of the productions of Mr. Fraser's pencil. One is a miniature of Napoleon, one of his earliest miniatures, and long kept by him as a show piece, I believe. I have somewhere heard that Washington Allston said of it, when it was first painted, that it was the best miniature he had ever seen in America.

My other picture is an Interior or Vestibule of a Chapel, with a monk on his way to his studies or devotions. This is a large oil painting. Both of these I shall send with great pleasure. But I hope to be instrumental in sending two others. Our Atheneum has one—a Monk at his devotions, an oil painting, which may serve as a *pendant* to mine. I have already applied for it, and received a promise that it shall be ready to go in a day or two.

Meanwhile, I have sent down to Augusta, Maine, where I believe there is a miniature of my brother, James Bowdoin, painted by Mr. Fraser, and I hope to be able to send this also.

Messrs. Crosby & Nichols propose to make up their parcel on Thursday or Friday of this week, and my pictures will be included. It affords me sincere pleasure to comply with the request of the Committee, and to do anything in my power towards the gratification and glorification of a friend whom I have so long known and valued, as Charles Fraser. I hope you may favor me with a catalogue of the collection, when it is made up, that I may see the full measure of his triumphs.

Believe me in haste, but very respectfully and faithfully,

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

It is but just that we should add a paragraph from the *Charles-ton Courier*, of the 5th February.

"Mr. Fraser visited Boston in early life, and became well acquainted with Stuart, the widely celebrated portrait painter. The young artist had recently executed a miniature of himself, and on his showing it one day to his more advanced brother in the mystery, the latter said to him, "young man, I am approaching the termination of my career. But when I cease from work, whatever rank may be assigned me, I see by that portrait, there will be a man to fill my place."

And we are most happy to add a voice from the sea, from one who has conferred distinction on his whole native land.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21, 1857.

I this day, by express, forward to you two miniatures, taken by Mr. Fraser, in 1830, and feel glad it is in my power to add a leaf to the fame of our respected friend.

Faithfully yours,

D. N. INGRAHAM

And now that in our narrative, we have brought Mr. Fraser to the summit of his fame, it will be profitable to others, and but just to himself, to take a retrospect and indicate some of those assiduous yet humble efforts by which he plumed himself for his highest flights. In the language of the accomplished authoress of the *Southern Matron*, who has furnished the accompanying selection from them—

“The notice of Mr. Fraser’s labors would be incomplete, without a glance at his Sketch Book, his *vade mecum*, dated 1796.

Here may be seen Charleston as it was, old Plantation residences, and Parish Churches, roughly colored, but with such life and exactness, as to perpetuate many a scene of which there will soon be no trace remaining.

This book, closed of course to the public eye in its present form, would be a treasure to an illustrated collection of Southern scenery and residences. The following list will give some idea of its value. It is a selection from various studies, different forms and erratic strokes, planted like buoys along the early channel of his life, marking the current of his genius. The present selection is given on account of the interest attached to the various localities represented.

- 1 A view of Mr. Lindsay’s from South Bay, 1796.
- 2 View in Charleston taken from Savage’s Green, 1796.
- 3 South view of Fort Mifflin, Charleston, July 4th, 1796.
- 4 Mrs. Robert Gibbes’s residence, John’s Island, May, 1797.
- 5 Church on John’s Island.
- 6 Church in St. Bartholemew’s Parish, burnt by the British and rebuilt after the Revolution, 1798.
- 7 Remains of the Church in Prince William’s Parish, burnt 1785 by the British. Another note on this picture says, “Ruins of Sheldon Church, burnt by the British, 1781.”
- 8 Capt. Fred. Fraser’s residence, Prince William’s Parish.
- 9 Meeting House in Prince William’s Parish.
- 10 Church, St. James Goose Creek.
- 11 View of a Meeting House near Jacksonborough, 1799.
- 12 Sheldon, former residence of Gov. Bull.
- 13 View from Mr. Fraser’s city residence, 1796.
- 14 View of an Ancient Bath. Probably one of the first of the interiors, which have brought the artist so much fame.

15 A View of the Church in St. Andrew's Parish, built in 1706. There was a fine organ in this Church. Destroyed by the British. Drawn 1800.

16 Monument of Lt. Gov. Bull, at Ashley Hall.

17 A View of St. James Church, Goose Creek. From the Parsonage.

18 The seat of John Julius Pringle, Esq., on Ashley River. 1800.

19 Another View of the same.

20 The seat of Jos. Winthrop, Esq., Goose Creek.

21 Mr. Gabriel Manigault's seat at Goose Creek. 1802.

22 A Negro on horseback. "D'Aapres Nature."

23 A View near Charleston. Ratcliffe lands, 1801. Where St. Paul's now stands.

24 View near Charleston. June, 1805.

25 Another. 1802.

26 A seat on Ashley River. April, 1802.

27 Ashley Hall. 1803.

28 A View of the Church in St. Thomas'. Taken from Mr. Lucas' Mills.

29 A Barn and Store-house on the Santee Canal. 1803.

30 Rice Hope, the seat of Dr. Wm. Read. Taken from one of the rice fields.

31 Richmond, seat of Ed. Rutledge, Esq., St. John's. 1803.

32 Mepkin, seat of Henry Laurens, Esq. 1803.

33 Brabants, April 16, 1806. The seat of the late Bishop Smith.

Something like an adequate conception can be formed of the entire range of Mr. Fraser's professional labors, when it is remembered, that in addition to the foregoing list, and to the two Catalogues presented in the former part of this pamphlet, there remain more than one hundred and fifty miniatures, and a proportional number of larger pieces, which their proprietors, for various reasons, have abstained from sending to the Gallery."

And we cannot deny ourselves the gratification of presenting the venerable artist himself, in the scene of his ovation, the field of his fame, his own gallery, with his multitudinous trophies around him, in the graphic and lively picture of the same gifted lady.

"A unique feature of the Fraser Gallery, adopted to prevent formality and give to the beloved artist a feeling of social intercourse, was that a few ladies were daily on the spot to welcome him on his entrance. Here, seated with them around a little centre-table, he enjoyed his friends, welcomed strangers, and yielded himself to the genial atmosphere of respectful admiration. To this little table the miniatures were brought for his inspection, previous to their arrangement on the panels, and his sight became so quickened, that in two instances he detected, instantly, the hand of other artists; in one case, that of Malbone, his early friend—and the portraits were immediately withdrawn.

Often, leaning on the arm of a young companion, or old friend, he walked around the gallery, calling up reminiscences of his artist life, criticising his own pictures, and as they loomed up through the long area, pausing with a dreamy wonder, as if he were in some enchanted vision.

Nor must his pet be forgotten, the only quadruped allowed the *entrée* of the gallery. Crouched at his feet, or whimpering under his fond caress, Julia was a part of the living pictures, nor was Julia quite alone, for on the walls were her brother canines, looking as life-like as the pet of the Gallery.

Sometimes in his strolls along the hall, when the artist saw a wreath of chaste classic beauty, made from our own laurel, hung on his own portrait by Flagg, or some more luxuriant and varied garlands suspended over his Washington, or glanced at the leafy shrine, where his early miniatures of himself were enclosed, he became suddenly silent with emotion.

The visits of the orphans of the various institutions of the city lent a charm to the exhibition. As they looked from the pictures to the benevolent face of their author, some seed of art may have been sown, which in after years can be traced to the Fraser Gallery.

On several occasions school-girls came in groups, and forgetting his pictures, crowded around "the old man eloquent," eloquent to them, for he spoke of their innocence and beauty in no measured phrase.

And then, in contrast with this group, came the aged and infirm, men and women, some from the chamber of sickness, some from the seclusion of sorrow, to give their feeble pressure or cordial grasp to the hand of their friend (so suddenly called out

in the glowing sunset of his fame,) and catch a glance at the parting luminary, shining in the gaze of public love; and then, softly treading with dimmed or kindling eyes along that gallery, they beheld the beloved and departed before them, not as they passed away in the death-agony, but beaming with intellectual, intelligent happiness from the magic touch of art.

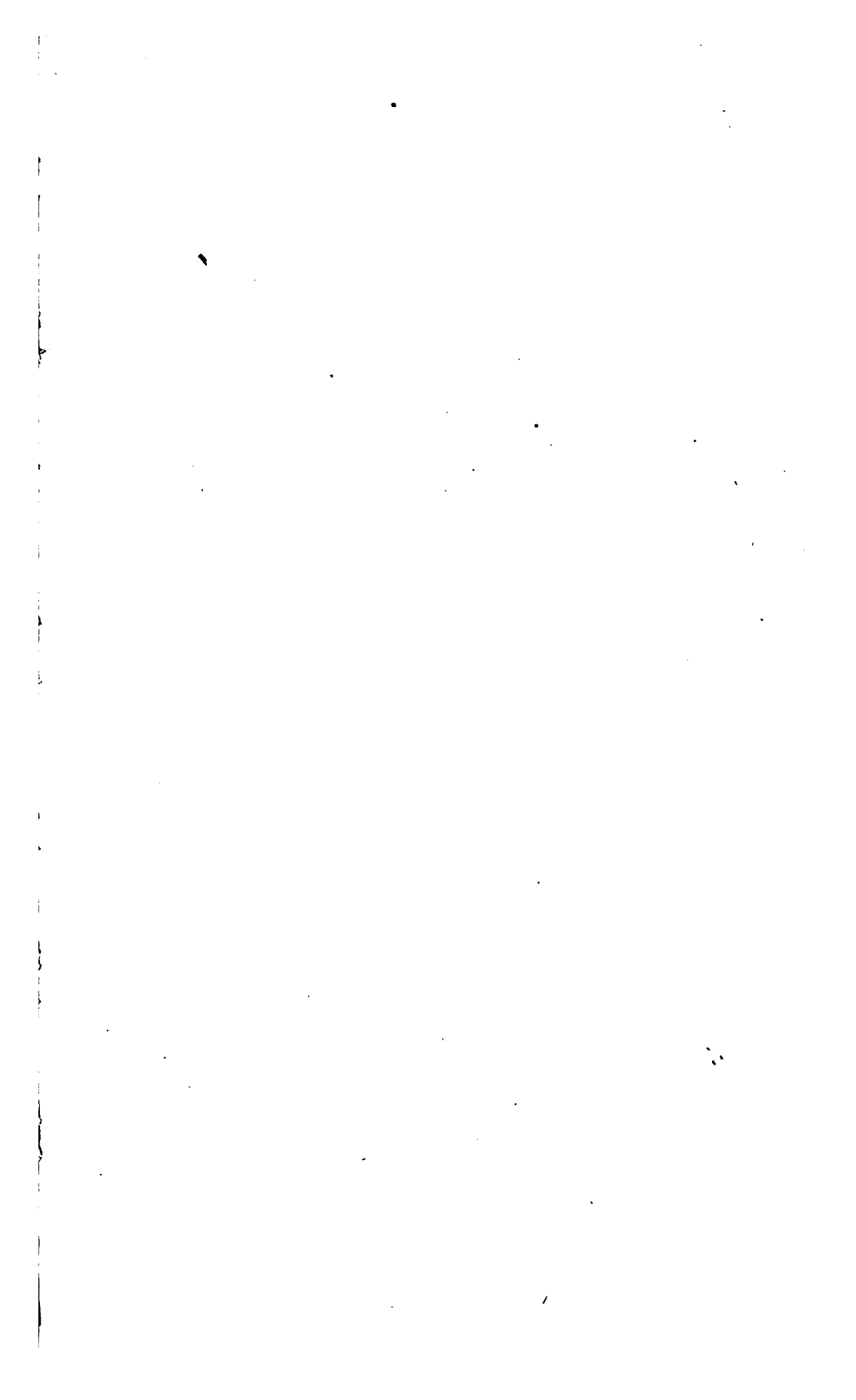
And not the least affecting spectacle of the *living* exhibition, was the presence of the revered John B. White, Esq., himself a brother artist, who frequently came to pay a generous tribute to that congenial excellence which none could more cordially appreciate than himself."

One feature alone has been omitted, which added would have given perfection to this graphic and touching picture—one that would have deepened its lustre, and exalted its dignity—the frequent presence of another artist, a matchless painter—who in spite of bodily infirmity, had come from a distance, to pay his tribute to kindred genius—the wondrous descriptive orator—whose magic pictures of beauty and glory and majesty had spell-bound breathless senates and ravished thronging multitudes—William C. Preston. Pleasant, indeed, and grateful was it, to see this great magician—potent ruler of the stormy passions of men—"whose breath was agitation" take his quiet seat in affectionate communion, alongside of the venerable man, who has lived to be the delight of his friends, the boast of his city, and an ornament to his country.

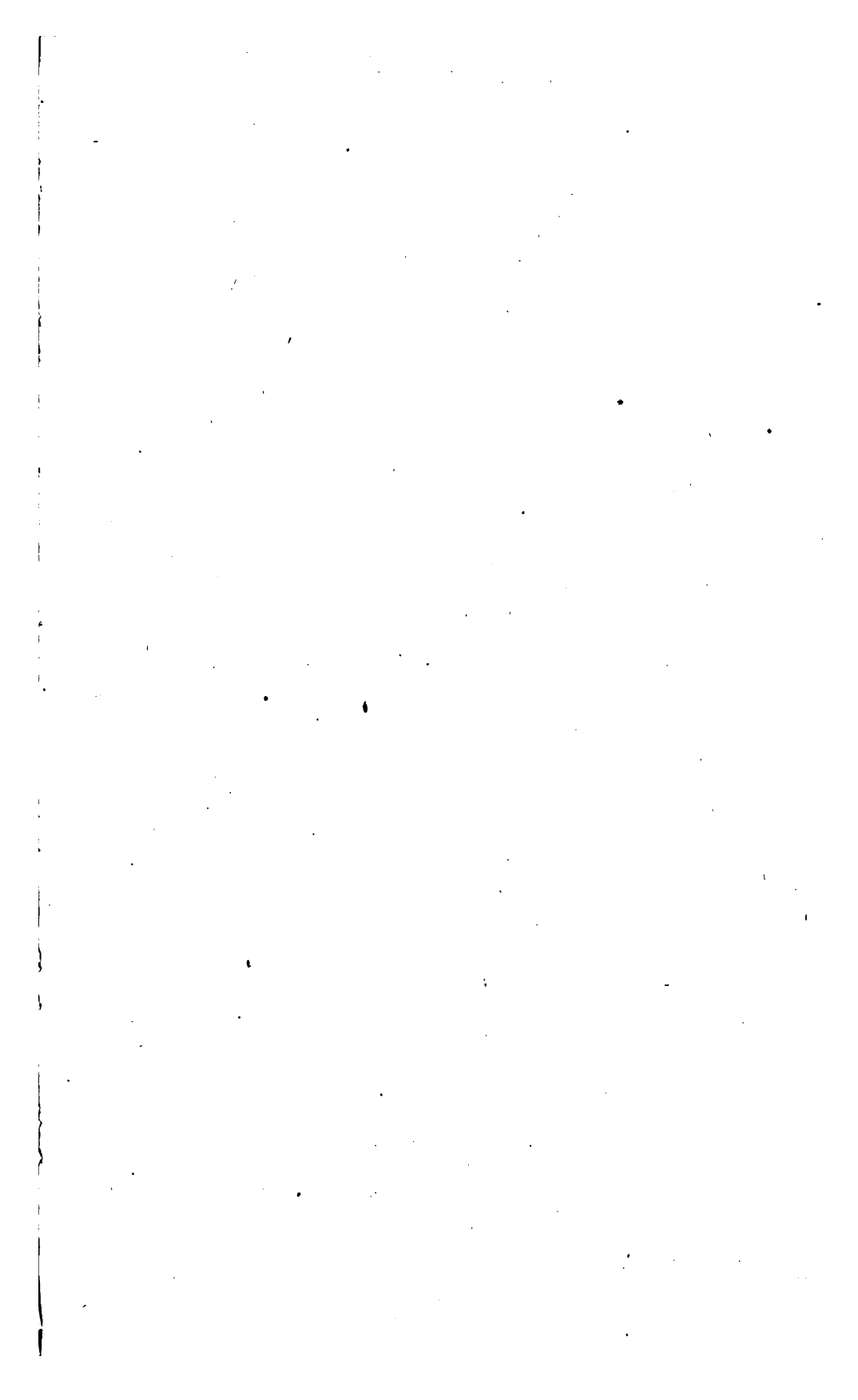
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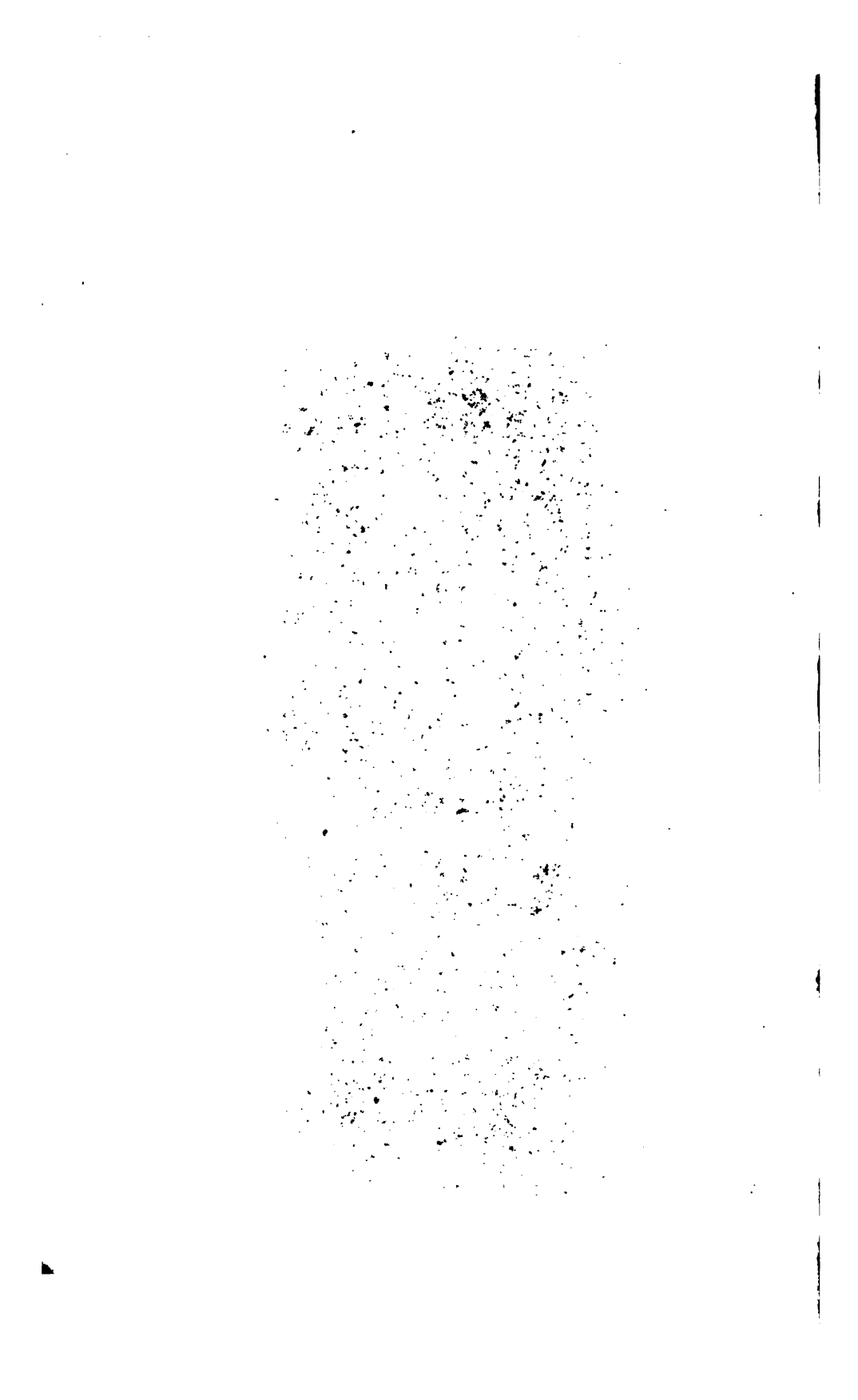
CHARLESTON, 12th March, 1857.

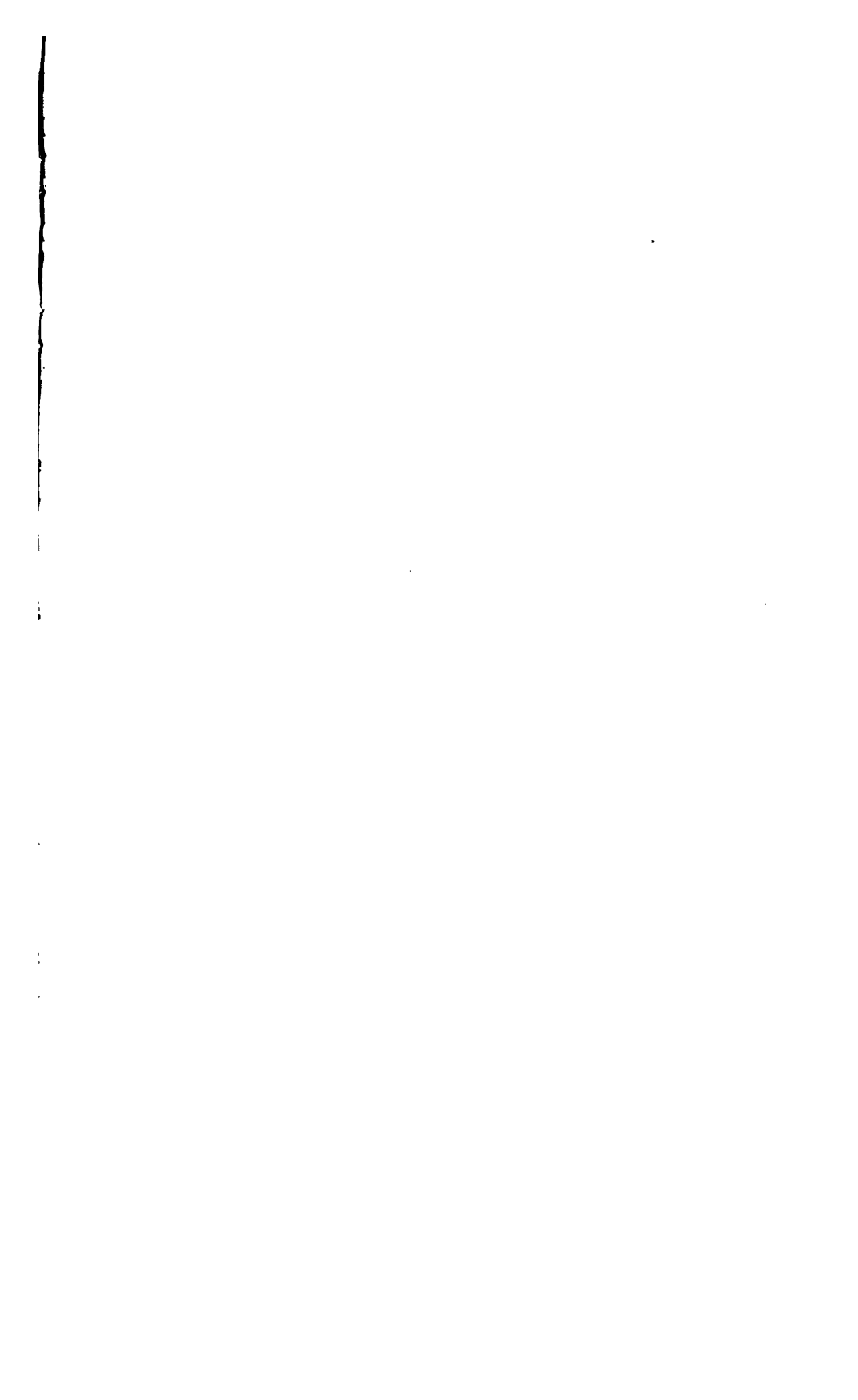












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